# The Man's bewitch'd;

OR,

## The Devil to do about Her.

A

# COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

## NEW-THEATRE

IN THE

## HAY-MARKET,

BY HER

## *MAJESTY's SERVANTS.*

By SUSANNA CENT-LIVRE.

*LONDON*,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, between the Two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-street*.

A

# COMEDY

BRITISH MUSEUM

To His GRACE

# WILLIAM

## Duke of *Devonſhire*;

*Lord Steward of Her Majeſty's Houſhold, Lord in* Eyre, *North of* Trent, *Lord Lieutenant of the County of* Derby; *and One of Her Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council*, &c.

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

THE Muſes were ever ambitious of being diſtinguiſh'd, by ſhrouding themſelves under the Patronage of the greateſt Men in all Ages; not made ſo by Titles or Preferment; but ſuch, whoſe innate Principles of Honour, truly ſupported thoſe their Prince had crown'd them with. From hence ſprung my Preſumption of laying the following Scenes at Your Grace's Feet; ſince the World muſt allow, that all thoſe Virtues, which compleat a perfect good, as well as great Man, are

center'd in the Duke of *Devonshire*; the loyaleſt Subject, the tendereſt Huſband, and the kindeſt Maſter, that ever Monarch, Wife, or Servant had; Briliant Graces, but ſuch as do not ſhine in every Man of Quality. From ſuch Patriots, what may not *Britain* hope? Nay, what might not She command, were all her Sons as fervent for her Intereſt, and diſcharg'd their reſpective Truſts with that Fidelity, and due Regard to the publick Good, as Your Grace has ever done in Yours: Then the hated Name of Faction wou'd be heard no more, and the ſcandalous Wounds of hot-headed Parties heal'd; which is the only way to ſecure this Iſland from foreign Inſults, and eſtabliſh Peace more firmly, than Armies, tho' vaſt as *Xerxes* led, can do.

To attempt your Grace's Character, is the ſuperiour buſineſs of a Maſculine Pen, and not to be reach'd by mine: But ſince my Huſband has the Honour to ſerve Her Majeſty, under the Command of Your Grace, as he did the late King of glorious Memory, under that of your noble Father, I cou'd not be prevail'd upon to alter my Reſolu-

Resolution of prefixing your Grace's Name in the front of this Poem, at once to shew my Gratitude, and my Ambition: And if, when Your Grace's Mind's unbended from the Care and Busness of the State, it finds the way in some leisure Hour to divert Your Grace, and the Author meet your Pardon for this Liberty, my Wishes are all answer'd, as I hope my Prayers will be, that Your Grace may enjoy a perfect Health, free from Pain in Mind, and Body; and see as many flourishing happy New Years, as your best and dearest Friends can desire; and every one add fresh Honours to those that are so deservedly worn by Your Grace at present, which are the earnest Wishes of

My Lord,

Your Grace's

*Most Obedient, and*

*Most Devoted,*

*Humble Servant,*

Susanna Cent-Livre.

# THE PREFACE.

I *Shou'd not have troubled my Courteous Reader with a Preface, had I not lain under the Neceſſity of Clearing my ſelf of what ſome People have been pleas'd to charge me with, viz. of being the Author of a Paper call'd,* The Female Tattler, *conſequently of a Paragraph in that of the 14th Inſtant, relating to this Comedy; tho' I think no reaſonable Perſon will believe I could be guilty of ſo much Folly. Tho' Vanity is ſaid to be the darling Vice of Womankind, yet nothing but an Idiot wou'd expreſs themſelves ſo openly; and I hope the World won't think me guilty of Printing, what I muſt bluſh to Read, nor imagine it Wrote even by any Friend of mine, for two Reaſons; Firſt, the Groſſneſs of the Flattery. Secondly, the Injury it muſt of courſe do me, in the Run of my Play, by putting thoſe People out of Humour, whoſe Action was to give Life to the Piece. I ſuppoſe theſe Reaſons are ſufficient to convince the Judicious part, that I was no ways concerned in thoſe Reflections, but own I was treated with all the ſeeming Civility in the World, till the ſecond Night of my Comedy. I willingly ſubmitted to Mr.* Cibber's *Superiour Judgment in ſhortning the Scene of the Ghoſt in the laſt Act, and believed him perfectly in the Right, becauſe too much*

much Repetition is tireſome. Indeed when Mr. Eſtcourt ſlic'd moſt of it out, I cou'd not help interpoſing my Deſires to the contrary, which the reſt readily comply'd with; and I had the Satisfaction to ſee I was not deceiv'd in my Opinion, of its pleaſing. This Paſſage I happen'd to mention among my Acquaintance; for 'tis Natural to have a kind of a Tender for our own Productions, tho' eſpecially if they have the good Fortune to divert others. Now, if from this the Author of the Tattler gather'd his Account, I am guilty of ſpeaking, but not deſignedly; for who they are that Write that Paper, or how Diſtinguiſh'd, I am perfectly ignorant, and declare I never was concern'd, either in Writing, or Publiſhing, any of the Tattlers.

I never had the Vanity to think, much leſs to publiſh, that any thing I am capable of doing, cou'd ſupport the Stage, tho' I have had the good Fortune to pleaſe, or to find the Town willing to be pleas'd; tho' at preſent it ſeems a certain Author has enter'd a Caveat againſt all Plays running to a ſixth Night, but his own. Tho' an Opera interfer'd with this Comedy, yet it brought above Forty Pounds the ſecond Night, which ſhew'd it had ſome Merit; for I have known many a Play kept up, that fail'd of half that Money the ſecond Night. Now by the Rules of the Houſe, it ought to have been play'd on: But who can ſecure the Life of a Play, when that of a Man is often Sacrific'd to the Malice of Parties? This Play met with a kind Reception in general, and notwithſtanding the Diſadvantages it had to ſtruggle with, by raiſing the Prices the firſt Day, and the Nearneſs of Chriſtmas, it would have made its way to a ſixth Night, if it had had fair Play. Miſtake

stake me not, I do not mean from the Representation; for I must do the Players Reason: Had I search'd all the Theatres in the World, I cou'd not have selected a better Company, nor had more Justice done me in the Action, tho' they have not dealt honourably by me in my Bargain; for they ought not to have stop'd the Run, upon any Pique whatever. 'Tis small Encouragment to Write for the Stage, when the Actors, according to the Caprice of their Humours, maugre the Taste of the Town, have power to sink the Reputation of a Play; for if they resolve not to Act it, the Town can't support it.

Well, if there is any Merit in suffering wrongfully, I shall find my Account in't one time or other; in the mean while I intreat the Female Tattler to be Witty no more at my Expence. I desire I may not be rank'd in the Number of those that support the Stage, since the Stage is become a Noun Substantive, and resolves to shew it is able to stand by itself.

# PROLOGUE.

## By a GENTLEMAN.

### Spoken by Mrs. WILKS.

OUR Female Author trembling stands within,
Her Fear arises from another's Sin;
One of her Sex has so alarm'd the Town,
That on her Score she dreads your angry Frowns:
Tho' I dare say, poor Soul, she never meant
Lampoon, or Satyr on the Brave or Fair,
A harmless humorous Play is her Extent of Wit.
Tho' Bickerstaff and Isaac Genius may engage,
And lash the Vice and Follies of the Age;
Why shou'd tender Delia tax the Nation?
Stickle, and make a Noise for Reformation,
Who always gave a Loose, her self, to Dissimulation.
Scandal and Satyr's thrown aside to Day,
And Humour the sole Business of our Play.
Beaux may dress on to mend the Ladies Manners,
And good Assurance pass for modest Virtue.
The Citts may bring their Spouses without Fear,
We shew no Wife that's poaching for an Heir,
Nor teach the Use of fine Gauze Handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty Wonders,
And Jilts set up—for Prudes, to draw Admirers.
Our Author, even tho' she knows full well
Is so Good-natur'd, she forbears to tell
What Collonels, lately, have found out the Knack
To Muster Madam, still, by Ned, or Jack,
To keep their Pleasures up; a Fourth way,
They give her—Sir Isbern's Salt Petre for Tea.
In short, what e'er your Dashing Heroes are,
They pass untouch'd in this Night's Bill of Fare.
But if all this can't your good Nature make,
Tho' here and there, a Scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Bustle Poverty makes

# EPILOGUE.

## *Spoken by Mrs.* OLDFIELD.

### Written by Mr. Cibber.

*A Porter delivers a Letter just as she is going to speak.*

WHAT's this? a Billet-Doux? from Hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the Town:
But since the poor Man's Passion's so ageg,
I'll read it out by way of Epilogue.

*Reads,* Madam,
Permit a Wretch to let you know,
That he's no more in *Stare Que.*
My Ruine from this Night commences,
Unless your Smiles refund my Senses;
For with one Thrust of *Cupid's* Dart,
You've whip'd your Slive quite thro' the Heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your Eye
O'er Boxes, Pit and Gallery,
In Pity of my Paine and Doubt,
And try if you can find me out.

*Poor Soul! He seems indeed in direful Plight;*
*Let's see! it can't be, sure! from all upper Flights,*
*No, no—that's plain——for——None of them can Write,*
*Nor can I think it from the Middle sell;*
*For I'm afraid——as few of them can Spell:*
*Beside, their Haggling Passions never gain,*
*Beyond the Passage-walking Nymphs of* Drury-Lane:
*And then the Pit's more stock'd with Rakes and Rovers,*
*Than any of these senseless, sobering Lovers.*
*The Backs o' th' Boxes too seem mostly lin'd*
*With Souls, whose Passion's to themselves confin'd.*
*In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all you Sparks,*
*The Wretch distinguish'd, by these bloody Marks.*

But

*But since the Town has heard your kind Commands, &c.*
*The Town shall e'en be Witness of my Answer.*
*First then, Beware you prove no Spark in Red,*
*With empty Purse, and Regimental Head;*
*That thinks no Woman can refuse t'engage with,*
*While Love's advanc'd with offer'd Bills on Agent;*
*That swears he'll settle from his Joy's commencing,*
*And make the Babe, the Day he's Born, an Ensign.*
*Nor cou'd I bear a Turd'd Beau, that steals*
*From fasting Spouse her Matrimonial Meals;*
*That Modish sends next Morn to her Apartment,*
*A Civil How-deye——far alas! from th' Heart meant:*
*Then Powder'd for th' ensuing Day's Delights,*
*Bows thro' his Croud of Dunns, and drives to White's.*
*Nor cou'd I like the Wretch [illegible] plays,*
*And only takes his Rest on Running Days;*
*That sets up from a lucky Hit, his Rattler*
*Then's trac'd from his Original——in the* Tattler.
*To tell you all I hate are my first Aversion,*
*Wou'd this the Tongue of Malice, or Aspersion.*
*But if I find 'mongst All One generous Heart,*
*That Deaf to Stories takes this Stage's Part;*
*That thinks that Purse deserves to keep the Plays,*
*Whose Fortune's bound for the Support of Op'ra's;*
*That thinks our Constitution here is justly fixt,*
*And now no more with Lawyers Brawls perplext.* ——
*He, I declare, shall my whole Heart receive;*
*And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.*

# Drammatis Perſonæ.

## *Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sir* Jeffry Conſtant, *Mr.* Bowman. | *Father to Captain* Conſtant. |
| *Captain* Conſtant, *Mr.* Mills. | *In Love with* Belinda. |
| Lovely, *Mr.* Huſband. | *Friend to Captain* Conſtant. |
| Faithful, *Mr.* Wilks. | *A Gentleman of Fortune in Love with* Laura. |
| *Sir* David Watchum, *Mr.* Johnſon. | *Guardian to* Laura. |
| Truſty, *Mr.* Eſtcourt. | *Steward to Sir* Jeffry. |
| Num, *Mr.* Dogget. | *A Country Squire in Love with* Belinda. |
| Slouch, *Mr.* Croſs. | *Servant to* Num. |
| Clinch, *Mr.* Pinkeman. | *Servant to Captain* Conſtant. |
| Roger, *Mr.* Bullock. | *Farmer to Sir* Jeffry. |
| Manage, *Mr.* Cibber. | *Servant to* Faithful. |
| Coachman, *Mr.* Harris. | |
| Sam——— | |
| *Another Servant.* | |

## *Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Belinda, *Mrs.* Oldfield. | *Suppos'd Daughter to* Truſty. |
| Laura, *Mrs.* Croſs. | *An Heireſs in Love with* Faithful. |
| Maria, *Mrs.* Porter. | *A Gentlewoman of Fortune.* |
| Dorothy, *Mrs.* Saunders. | Belinda's *Maid.* |
| Lucy, *Mrs.* Bicknell. | Laura's *Maid.* |

SCENE, *the* Minſter-yard *in* Peterborough.

*The Hour Six in the Morning.*

ACT

# ACT I.

## SCENE I. *The Minſter-yard in* Peterborough.

*Enter Captain* Conſtant *and* Clinch *in Mourning, with Riding Habit over it.*

*Capt.* CLinch! Where are you, Sirrah? Why don't you come along?

*Clin.* Ah! P[illegible] this riding Poſt,——Look ye, Captain; if you have threeſcore Miles farther to go, I am your moſt humble Servant.

*Capt.* No, Sirrah, I am at my Journey's end——This Town of *Peterborough* is the bound of all my Wiſhes.

*Clin.* Say you ſo, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

*Capt.* Why! what is your will?

*Clin.* Why, with ſubmiſſion, Sir, to know the reaſon of your Expedition, and gravity of Habit: Have you a mind to ſet up the Buſineſs of an Undertaker here in the Country?

*Conſt.* No, *Clinch*, my buſineſs is with the Living, not with the Dead, I'll aſſure you.

*Clin.* Then can't I for my blood imagine why you are thus dreſs'd; your Father, nay your whole Family are well; not ſo much as a Nephew, or ſecond Couſin dead; nay, not the fear of Peace.——Then why the Devil are we in black? You laugh——Can theſe Cloaths cauſe Joy, without the Perquiſite that belongs to it; 'Tis a mournful Equipage, and ſhocks my Soul, I am ſure.

*Conſt.* Perquiſite! Why what Perquiſite does Mourning bring with it to cauſe Joy? ha!

*Clin.* Oh, Sir, ſeveral——As when a Wife buries her Husband, ſhe has Sorrow in one hand, and Joy in t'other; a kind Widowhood cures ſuch a Grief——Or a rich Heir at the Aſp of his Parent, when there is a Years Rent in the Sleeve

ard's hands——But, Sir, to the point; either let me into the Secret, or discharge me.

*Const.* Ha, ha, ha; Why then if I must tell thee; this Habit, if Fortune favours me, will be worth to me two thousand Pounds.

*Clin.* Say you so, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? For I am dress'd like you——If I have not the same Privileges, why should I be confin'd to the same Garb?

*Const.* Oh! you shall have your part, *Clinch*, never fear.

*Clin.* Ay, Sir, but there are some parts I don't care for—— I hope you have no design to rob upon the Highway.

*Const.* Rascal!

*Clin.* Nay, ben't angry Sir; if there shou'd be Peace, 'tis what many an honest Gentleman must come to. I have no aversion for the Name; but I have for the Punishment—— I'll not strike a stroke——therefore what good can I do you?

*Const.* Ha, ha, ha, I shall have more occasion for your Eyes, than your Arm——You can weep, Sirrah, can't you?

*Clin.* Ay, Sir, I shall weep, that's certain, to see you come to the Gallows——

*Const.* Ye Dog you, I tell you there is no danger.

*Clin.* No danger——Why then I shall weep for Joy, Sir—— —but how, Sir, how; must I roar, or shed Tears?

*Const.* So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

*Clin.* Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting, I defie a Woman to out-do me in that——Look ye Sir, you shall hear—— —hem, hem. [*Roars out.*

*Const.* Very well——be sure when I weep——

*Clin.* I'll make terrible Faces——What think you, Sir, Is not my Pipe very musical for weeping?

*Const.* Oh! Excellent.

*Clin.* But what does this signifie! Where lies the Mystery?

*Const.* Well then——Since you must know it; You are not insensible how my Father has treated me, ever since I refus'd to marry Mrs. *Homebred*, whose Manners suited with her Name, and her Face was courser than either; and because I drew a Bill upon him for fifty Pounds last Campaign, he threatens to disinherit me; nay, and swears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon half my Pay, He'll

make my Serjeant his Heir, who was once his Footman. In ſhort, I can bear his ill uſage no longer.

*Clin.* Ah! Sir, had you married that Lady with twenty thouſand Pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

*Conſt.* If ſhe had twenty times as much, I ſhou'd refuſe her for *Bohada's* ſake.

*Clin.* But Sir *Jeffrey* reſolves againſt that Match——You muſt not marry his Steward's Daughter.

*Conſt.* I hope to prove you a Lyar, Sir; and by this Dreſs to carry my deſign; which is to perſuade *Truſty*, that my Father dyed of an Apoplexy, by which means he muſt account with me for the half Years Rent, before the old Gentleman word was ready for him.

*Conſt.* Two thouſand Pound, *Clinch*——This Letter I ſurpriz'd by an Accident; 'tis from my Father to him. [*Reads.*

*Mr. Truſty, The ſeveral Sums which you have return'd me without any Receipt, amounts to eight hundred Pounds, there remains behind two thouſand two hundred Pounds, which you tell me is ready for me; don't give your ſelf any trouble about remitting that, for I deſign to be down my ſelf in a Fortnight; and then the Leaſes which you mention'd, ſhall be renew'd. You need write no more, till you ſee*

*Your real Friend* Jeffrey Conſtant.

*Clin.* Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty Penny towards, if the Devil don't croſs it. But, Sir, if my old Maſter ſhou'd take a Maggot, and write to *Truſty*, to return his Money after all——His Letter and our Story wou'd have ſmall connexion; we ſhou'd be oblig'd to alter our Note. I wou'd adviſe you to take the old Steward to the Tavern, and ſtay as little in his Houſe as you can, for fear of diſcovery: Beſides, Sir, a Glaſs of Wine and a Fowl, makes buſineſs go on chearfully, Sir.

*Conſt.* Chearfully, Sirrah!——You don't conſider that it is not my buſineſs to be chearful——I admire *Faithful* ſtays ſo long.

*Clin.* Perhaps he can't find Mr. *Lovely*, Sir.

*Conſt.* I directed him to the *Coffee-houſe*, where he ſeldom fails to be at this time of the Morning.

*Clin.* Poor Gentleman! I warrant he's ruminating upon his Misfortunes. Well! 'tis ſometimes a Bleſſing to want Money——You 'ſcap'd the Highway-men, Sir!

*Conſt.* What am I the better for that, Sirrah? My Pockets are as empty as my Friends, who fell into their Hands: But here comes my Fellow Traveller——— and *Lovely* with him; He has found him at laſt——— Dear *Lovely*, how is't?

*Enter* Lovely, Faithful, *and* Manage, *in Riding habit.*

*Lov.* Captain *Conſtant!* Welcome! Who expected to ſee you here? Why did not you ſend me word of your coming?

*Clin.* He hardly knew it himſelf two hours before he got on Horſeback, Sir; nay, I much queſtion if he knows it yet.

*Conſt.* My Journey indeed was ſomething Precipitate.

*Clin.* Ay, Sir, don't you ſee we are in Mourning?

*Lov.* Mr. *Faithful* has inform'd me of every Particular; and I wiſh I cou'd really give thee Joy of ſix thouſand a Year, Boy.

*Clin.* At the rate of half a Years Rent you may——If Fortune proves not an errand Jilt indeed, Sir.

*Lov.* Come Gentlemen; What think you of my Houſe? I'll get ſomething for Breakfaſt, whilſt you change your Linen.

*Conſt.* 'Tis near Six——I have a mind to ſee if *Belinda* comes to Church this Morning.

*Lov.* She ſeldom fails———

*Faith.* Prithee, *Lovely*; Can you inform me, if a young Lady that lives at Sir *David Watchum*'s will be here too?

*Lov.* Mrs. *Laura Wealthy*, Your Miſtreſs you mean.

*Faith.* The ſame.

*Lov.* We have heard of the Lady; but I believe no body in *Peterborough* has ſeen her, except his own Servants.

*Conſt.* What kind of a temper is the old Fellow of?

*Lov.* The moſt peeviſh, ſplenetick, miſtruſtful, ill-natur'd Wretch in the whole County: He comes to the Coffee-houſe every Morning in an old ruſty Chariot for haſte, the longeſt Journey

ney he takes in the Year: He ſeldom comes to Church; nay, ſince that Lady came he has not once been ſeen there; we fancy he dares not ſtay two hours from home, for fear ſhe ſhould be ſtol'n away.

*Man.* Ah! Sir, this account is moſt uncomfortable in our Affairs——

*Faith.* It gives me more Chagrin, than the Rogues did, when they ſtrip'd me of my Money this Morning——— Which way ſhall I give *Laura* notice of my being in Town?

*Conſt.* Have Courage, *Faithful*, I warrant we proſper.

*Lov.* Nothing like a good Heart; you ſhall not want a ſmall Sum of Money, Sir.

*Faith.* I thank you, Sir.

*Conſt.* I'll be [illegible] if any lucky Opportunity offers, I'll be ready to ſerve them.

*Lov.* I'll be [illegible] to both.

*Conſt.* I know it; and when I am able, as I hope, my deſign ſucceeds, ſhou[illegible]'t want returns in me.

*Faith.* I am oblig'd to both——But who have we here?

*Several People croſs the Stage to Church.*

*Lov.* Here comes *Belinda*, and with her my Miſtreſs *Maria*.

*Faith.* Well, Gentlemen; you'll beſt entertain your Miſtreſſes alone; I'll back to the Coffee-houſe, and over a Diſh of Tea think what Courſe to ſteer——

*Conſt.* Mind if the *Courant* be there, wherein I got my Father's Death inſerted, the better to favour my Plot.

*Faith.* I will, Captain, and be ſure to confirm the News——

[*Exit Faith. and Manage.*

*Lov.* We'll call of you there preſently——

*The Bell rings.*

*Conſt.* But is *Maria* obdurate ſtill *Lovely*?

*Lov.* Not in reality, *Conſtant*——But ſhe has ſo much of the Woman in her, to keep up her Rule till the laſt.

*Enter* Belinda *and* Maria.

*Conſt.* Ladies, good morrow! The ſound of the Saint's Bell brings Angels abroad.

[*Salutes*

Bell

*Bel. Constant!* and in Mourning! Pray who's dead?

*Const.* One for whom I ought to grieve, did it not smooth a Passage to *Belinda*'s Arms, through the Hearts of our inexorable Parents.

*Bel.* Your Father! Sir.

*Clin.* The same, Madam! He's as dead as an Herring, I promise you———

*Mar.* Now don't I know, whether I had best say I'm sorry for your Loss, or wish you much Joy of your Gain.

*Clin.* I dare swear, Madam, he can't tell you yet.

*Const.* Peace, Blockhead.

*Mar.* Mr. *Lovely*, are you for Prayers?

*Const.* You are the Shrine he kneels to, Madam; if you'll vouchsafe to hear him, he can pray most devoutly.

*Mar.* And dissemble most fervently———

*Lov.* No faith, Madam, that Quality does not belong to us———that is the Womens Prerogative.

*Bel.* And do you never encroach upon our Privileges, sweet Sir?

*Lov.* Yes, yes faith; I have encroach'd upon some of the Sexes Privileges in my time, I must own. Curiosity——Madam, seldom leads us to put on Masking Habits; but a Lady cannot dress without 'em; Dissimulation is as necessary as her Patches.

*Bel.* Ay! How do you prove that?

*Lov.* Why thus: When you wou'd gain a Man you like, you appear what you are not——We believe you Angels, but don't always find you so.

*Mar.* We always find you Angels, but of the fal'n kind.

*Const.* 'Tis impossible to be otherwise, whilst Beauty keeps her Court below, you charm our Eyes, and all our Senses wait you.

*Lov.* Pride and Vanity predominate in your Sex, and like Centinels relieve one another; Pride has made a Lady swear she has Hated such a Man, tho' she was dying for the Sight of him———And Vanity made her Caress a Fop, that at the same time she wish'd at the Devil.

*Mar.* And are not you even with us? Will not you sigh, ogle, cringe, flatter, swear, kneel, nay give it under your hand, you Love to desperation; but let the poor mistaken

Nymph

Nymph once yield, and you'd give Bond and Judgment to that Old Gentleman you nam'd but now, in two Days to take her off your hands.

*Conſt.* I hope you don't include the whole Sex, Madam.

*Lov.* That ſhe do's now, I'm ſure; for ſhe knows I never ſwore any thing to her, but what I am ready to make good—And if ſhe be not the moſt unconſcionable Woman living, ſhe will own I love her heartily.

*Conſt.* That I dare witneſs for them, *Lovely*.

*Bel.* Ay! Why, what Proofs has he given?

*Lov.* Proofs! Why I talk of her all Day——And dream of her all Night——When ſhe's abſent, ſigh for her, and am tranſported when I ſee her. If [illegible] Proofs of Love, let the Parſon lay [illegible]

*Bel.* All this may be [illegible] it not Captain?

*Conſt.* Not when you are the Object, Madam; and you are too well acquainted with my Heart, to aſk that Queſtion out of [illegible]

*Mar.* Theſe are no Proofs, you muſt grow Lean and Meagre——Eat little, and Sleep leſs——Write fifty Letters in a Day, and burn them all again——Then ſtart up, and draw your Sword; hold it to your Breaſt, then throw it away again——Then take your Pen and write your laſt Reſolve——Direct it to your Miſtreſs——Then take a Turn by ſome melancholy purling Stream, with Hat pull'd over your Eyes, in deep Contemplation reſolve there what Poſt to ſet in Motion, if the Meſſenger return without Succeſs——When I ſee you do this, I'll write Love upon your Brow.

*Lov.* When I do, you ſhall write Fool upon my Forehead.

*Hang this tohoing way of Wooing,*
*Loving was deſign'd a Sport, &c.* [Sings.

*Conſt.* Come, come Madam, a Truce; you know he loves you.

*Lov.* As well as I know ſhe loves me; we were born for one another, Child; no Man in the Kingdom ſhall have thee, but my ſelf.——Then if you will eat Chalk, and die of the Pip, I can't help it. Ha, ha, ha.

*Mar.* Be not ſo poſitive *Lovely*.——One Sect of Philoſophers tells you, you ought to doubt of every thing.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* But the Topick was not a Woman in that Assertion; but if it were, Women in their Days were no more like Women in ours, than a Clodhopper is to a Captain o' Foot. Our Ladies are like two Negatives, to be understood in the Affirmative, ha, ha. Madam, do's not my Friend here look like one of those Lovers you describ'd? Faith, I think a Woman cannot wish a simpler Figure——Now has he a thousand Things to say to *Belinda* alone.

*Const.* You guess right, *Lovely*——I am going to your Father's, Madam, to settle our Accounts, I hope you'll return as soon as Prayers are over.

*Bel.* Directly——

*Const.* Oh *Belinda!*

*Now is the Crisis of our Good or Ill,*

*Turn for me, Fate, or else my Wheel stand still.*

*Lov.* You'll remember us in your Prayers, Ladies——

*Mar.* Amongst *Jews, Turks* and *Infidels*——[*Exit.*

*Lov.* Come, now for my House——We'll call on *Faithful.*

*Const.* Lead on——I'll change my Linen and to *Trusty's* immediately——But hold——*Clinch*, hearkye.

*Clin.* Sir——

*Const.* I had no Opportunity to inform *Belinda* of my Project, you must away to *Trusty's* and let her Maid into the Secret, I wou'd not impose upon her——The Man that truly loves, cannot deceive the Object of his Vows.

*He never felt the Force of Cupid's Dart,*

*Who lets his Tongue run counter to his Heart;*

*Or ever can deserve the Charming Maid,*

*That is by Falshood to his Arms betray'd.*

*For mutual Passions in all States agree,*

*And fines the Take with true Felicity.*

*She shall my Project with my Love compare,*

*If she approves it, I'm indeed an Heir.*

Clin. *Or at the worst, we are but as we were.*

*Enter 'Squire* Num, *and his Man* Slouch.

*Num.* What think you *Slouch!* Had we best go into the *Minster*, or tarry here whilst Mrs. *Belinda* comes out; for her Maid says she's here: Lord, Lord, how Religious Folk

are in this Town! Why they rise as duly to Church here, as our Parson's Wife does to Milking, I think——Well, but what had we best to do, ha?

*Slou.* Why go in, I think——Or tarry here; which you will, Master.

*Num.* Nay, nay mun, I don't know which is best, that makes me ask you; for I know, *Slouch*, you understand Breeding and Haviours; for you have been at *London* with fat Bullocks, and so was never I; but I resolve to go next time, ha! *Slouch!*

*Slou.* Ay Master; but an you Marry this same Mrs. *Belinda*, as sure as your Name is 'Squire *Num*, she'll not let you budge a Step.

*Num.* Marry her! Nay, nay, I shall Marry her enough, I think; and yet I'll see *London* for all that——Why, what dost thou think I'll be ty'd to a Wife's Tail all Days o' my Life? No, no; the Family of the *Nums* won't be Wife-rid, *Slouch*——But heark yee, an her Father shou'd chop up the Wedding to Day, before my New Cloathes are made; for he likes me woundily mun.

*Slou.* Od well thought on Master! don't go into the Church, I say; who knows but when the Parson has done his Prayers, but he may begin your Plagues, Master ha!

*Num.* Od that's smart now——Ha, ha, hush, hush, *Slouch*, they are here——Now shew your Manners——

*Enter* Trusty, Belinda *and* Maria. *Several others cross the Stage as from Church.*

*Tru.* I have met a Report in the Church, that the News says Sir *Jeffry Constant* is Dead; if it be true, there's a better Husband for *Belinda* than this Fool——Od! I'll for *London* as soon as I have Din'd; my Heart akes; pray Heaven he settled his Affairs before he died: I have no Receipt for the Money I paid him.

*Num.* Sir, your Servant; Father has sent me agen to see Mrs. *Belinda*, and bid me tell you, That he wou'd come over himself, I think, next Week, an do what you wou'd have him do, I think——And so, I suppose, we are agreed, forsooth——Only I must desire you to stay till my New Cloathes

are made. Father bought the Cloth laſt *Sturbich* Fair; and the Taylor comes to Morrow, don't he *Slouch?*

*Slou.* Ay, and his Man *Staytape* too; an he works like a Dragon——My Maſter will ſoon be fit, forſooth.

*Mar.* Fit quotha! for what? ha, ha.

*Num.* For what! nay, nay, let me alone for that, an I don't ſhow her for what, when I have her once, I'll be flea'd.

*Bel.* Heaven defend me from the Tryal.

*Tru.* Sir, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have conſider'd my Daughter is no proper Match for you; and therefore I deſire you to return with all poſſible Speed, and acquaint your Father, that he may not undertake an unneceſſary Journey.

*Bel.* Ten thouſand Bleſſings on that Voice.

*Num.* High-day: What's the matter now! Why you don't pretend to make a Fool of me, do ye?

*Mar.* No, thou art made to his hands——ha, ha, ha——

*Num.* Who ſpeaks to you Miſtreſs, I was not made for you I'm ſure.

*Mar.* No, I thank my Stars!

*Num.* I'll not be chous'd at this rate, mun: Did you not tell me, if my Father wou'd ſettle ſo, and ſo, that I ſhou'd have her——And now you come with a Conſider——when it has coſt me the Lord knows what in Journeys, as *Slouch* can teſtifie.

*Slou.* Yes, with a ſafe Conſcience, I can ſwear it has coſt my Maſter——and me, above Thirty Shillings upon you.

*Bel.* What did your Club with your Maſter then, Mr. *Slouch?*

*Slou.* Now and then, for a Flagon of Ale, an it pleaſe you.

*Bel.* Oh you ſhall be no Loſer, Friend——There's ſomething to defray your Expences—— [*gives him Money.*

*Slou.* Thank you kindly, Forſouth——Od, this 'tis to be Sharp——Now wou'd I give Sixpence to know if this be a good Guinea, or a Counter—— [*aſide.*

*Tru.* As to your Charges, Mr. *Num*——If you pleaſe to give me a Bill, they ſhall be diſcharg'd——But for my Daughter, I have deſign'd her otherways.

*Num.* A Bill! I ſcorn your Words; I'm as well able, do you ſee, to ſpend Thirty Shillings as you, for ought I know; yet I'm not angry neither; only what makes me mad, is, that you ſhou'd think me ſuch a Fool to be fob'd off I know not how——

how——Why mun, all our Town knows that I'm to have her, and they have promis'd me the Bells shou'd Ring a whole Day——And now you'd have me go home with the Tale of a Tub, like a Dog that has lost his Ears——What did you come bouncing to our House for! and say I shou'd have your Daughter—I did not come after her, nor you neither mun.

*Tru.* What I said I thought at that time, Sir; but no Man can blame me for changing my Mind to Advantage in disposing of my Child—— I have a better Prospect both in Birth and Estate, than you, or your Father can offer. Therefore I say without any Passion, I desire you'd give your self no farther Trouble about this matter, Mr. *Num.*

*Bel.* Birth, and Estate! What means my Father? how I tremble!

*Mar.* He has certainly heard of Sir *Jeffry's* Death, and designs to make thee Happy.

*Bel.* Impossible! He was in the *Manner* before us.

*Num.* Birth, and Estate! *Slouch*, come hither Sirrah! han't my Father a Thousand a Year?

*Slou.* Yes that he has, an more too: He has Ten hundred, I'll swear it.

*Num.* I believe he has, as you say, *Slouch.*

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Num.* An I am all the Children he has, am I not, *Slouch?*

*Slou.* Ay, all that he dares own, Sir.

*Num.* Look ye there now! An I'll hold you a Bottle of Cyder that I'm as well born as he; my Father's Church-warden and Captain of the Militia, as 'tis known very well, and I'm call'd the Young Captain, so I am.

*Slou.* Aye, that every Body knows.

*Tru.* Sir, I have nothing to say to that, and am your humble Servant——Come *Belinda.*

*Bel.* I wish you a good Journey, Sir.

*Mar.* Captain, your Servant. [*Exit.*

*Num.* A murrain take your Fleer——

*Slou.* You may go to *London* now, Sir.

*Num.* Go to *London*, go to the Devil! Slife I'll follow them mun, mehap he do's but joke; and Father will break my Head, because I did not understand a Joke—— Therefore come along, *Slouch*—— [*Exit.*

*The End of the First Act.*

# ACT. II.

SCENE, *Sir* David Watchum's *House.*

*Enter* Sir David *into a Garden before the Door.*

*Sir Dav.* I Have ſurvey'd my Houſe round and round to Night, from Door to Door, and Gate to Gate——He that wou'd keep a handſome Woman of Twenty thouſand Pound, muſt learn the Gameſter's Art, to live without Sleep——Methought, from my Garret Window, I ſaw a Man ſaunttring about my Ground, and ſeem'd to pry too narrowly into my Houſe——It may be a Rogue——I would not loſe Mrs. *Laura*; for, if poſſible, ſhe ſhall fill no Arms but mine. I have kept her from the ſight of Man theſe twelve Months; and now I deſign to offer her Liberty, provided ſhe'll conſent to be my Wife; if ſhe refuſes, I'll have the Lights quite ſtop'd up, and ſhe ſhall not ſo much as ſee the Sun——Ha! who's here! Ho, 'tis *Lucy*, her Maid; I wiſh I cou'd make this Jade of my Intereſt——What the Vengeance do's ſhe do up ſo early?

*Enter* Lucy.

*Lu.* This old Fellow is certainly the Devil——One can go no where, but one is ſure to meet him.

*Sir Dav.* What makes you here, ha Miſtreſs?——Now am I afraid of venturing to the Coffee-Houſe, tho' my Coach is at the Door.

*Lu.* Too much Sleep is unwholſome, you know Sir, by your own Rule; ſo hearing the Door open, I came down to breath the Morning Air.

*Sir Dav.* That you might have done at your Window; no, no, you have ſome Plot in hand now I warrant! Where's your Miſtreſs?

*Lu.* In her Chamber. Where ſhou'd ſhe be?

*Sir Dav.* In her Bed wou'd be a fitter Place——Women of Virtue, that have no Intrigues, are faſt aſleep in their Beds at this time a-day.

*Lu.*

*Lucy.* A sleep! That's impossible in this House——Pray how can any body sleep, as long as you are awake; are you not rambling all Night; up Stairs, down Stairs, locking one Door, and opening another; hemming, coughing, spitting, sneezing, yawning, stamping, mutt'ring——One no sooner shuts ones Eyes——but flap goes a Door, clatter goes a Key——down tumbles a Stool, bow wow goes the Dog——This is the constant Musick you make, Sir: 'Slife, if one were a Slave in *Turkey*, one shou'd sometimes rest in quiet.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack, good lack, all this I get for my care——Why all this is for your Lady's good, *Lucy*.

*Lucy.* Nay, if you call this Good! Then pray Sir employ your Study for the future, to do her ill Offices, for nothing can be more disagreeable, than your present treatment both to my Lady and me.

Sir *Dav.* Say you so! What, you don't like your way of living then? ha

*Lucy.* Not at all I assure you, Sir——Living! d'ye call it——We wou'd have Liberty, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* You shall have Liberty, if your Lady is not her own Enemy——and for your part, if you please, you may serve your self, and her, by being serviceable to me.

*Lucy.* Which way, pray Sir? For there is not many things I wou'd refuse to procure my Lady, her dear, dear Liberty——pray inform me, I'm impatient to know it.

Sir *Dav.* Why thus——I have a very Cordial Affection for Mrs. *Laura*, out of pure Consideration of her youth——I wou'd not have a young Woman fall into ill hands at first, therefore I design to marry her my self.

*Lucy.* Heaven forbid! that wou'd be falling into ill hands indeed. [*Aside*.

Sir *Dav.* Now I wou'd have you break this matter to her; and second it with all the force of Argument you are capable of——When we are married, you shall both take what Liberty you please.

*Lucy.* Why sure a Person of your experienc'd Years, wou'd not be guilty of such a Folly.

Sir *Dav.* What do you call Folly? I had no Children by my last Wife, and I wou'd willingly have an Heir to keep up my Name——and do you call this Folly?

*Lucy.* Heirs! Why do you hope for an Heir of your own getting, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Why not, pray?

*Lucy.* What, upon such a fine Woman as she is——In my Conscience, were I in your place, I shou'd dread being the errantest, you know what, in Christendom.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Mrs. Pert! that's not your business, I shall dread no such thing——All I desire of you, is to tell her, my Estate, Prudence, Wisdom and Temperance, out-weighs Youth, Folly, Titles, and Debauchery.

*Lucy.* Yes, for one that is in Love with her Grave. Certainly, Sir, you are not in your right Senses——Why your Request is so abominable, so vile, so ridiculous, and so unjust; that I would not be concern'd in it for a thousand Pounds—Indeed you have pitch'd upon the wrong Person, Sir.

Sir. *Dav.* Say you so! Good lack——So I have pitch'd upon the wrong Person you say! ha! If I had desir'd you to say your Prayers, I'll be hang'd, if I had not pitch'd upon the wrong Person too, Gossip prate apace—but I'll hamper ye, I warrant you; I'll cross your Designs, till I have finish'd my own——go, get out of my sight.

*Lucy.* Well, surely this Life won't last always. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Manage.

*Man.* My Master stays at the Coffee-house, and has sent me to survey this Dome, and try to give Mrs. *Laura*'s Maid notice of his Arrival; but how far I may be serviceable to him, I know not——Ha! who have we yonder? The old Guardian himself I doubt——So, he has found me——What the duce must I pretend now?

Sir *Dav.* What do you want Friend, ha?

*Man.* Good morrow, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Good morrow; what more?

*Man.* I hope you are well, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Yes, thank Heaven, Sir! what then?

*Man.* Why then I am very glad of it, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* You are very glad of it, Sir! Why what a Pox is my Health to you? Who are you? What are you? And from whence come you, ha Sir?——

*Man.*

*Man.* Faith, Sir, your Queſtions are ſo copious, that they require a conſiderable Study to anſwer: let me recollect a little——I have gone through ſo many Trades, that without my Diary (which I have not about me at preſent) I can't remember half of them; nor indeed can I tell how to ſtile my ſelf otherwiſe than an univerſal Man —— The World is my Country; and for want of an Eſtate, I live by my Wits——

Sir *Dav.* A Rogue, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*

*Man.* Sometimes an honeſt Man, ſometimes a Knave; juſt as occaſions fall out.

Sir *Dav.* Ay! and you often happen to be a Knave, than an honeſt Man, I doubt, Friend.

*Man.* Why look ye, Sir, that is juſt as I abound, or want Money; for my preſent Profeſſion is Phyſick——Now when my Pockets are full, I cure a Patient in three Days——when they are empty, I keep him three Months.

Sir *Dav.* An excellent Principle truly——But pray what is your buſineſs at my Houſe?——We are all in a good ſtate of health at preſent.

*Man.* Nay no very great buſineſs, only I look'd in, as I paſs'd by, Sir, that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Now in my Opinion you have another Reaſon; for you have the Aſpect of one of thoſe Sparks that comes in at a Window, or down a Chimney, at two in the Morning——

*Man.* Have a care what you ſay, Sir, I'm known very well not far off.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, too well perhaps! Zounds, Sir, what buſineſs have you here, ſpeak.

*Man.* A queer old Duke this——Why, Sir, if you muſt know, I am in ſearch of ſome Simples which I have occaſion for——

Sir *Dav.* Simples!

*Man.* Yes, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Simples! A very ſimple Excuſe, faith——

*Man.* Sir, I have many Years practis'd Chymiſtry, and there's ſcarce any Diſeaſe incident to Humanity, but I have cur'd; Stone, Gravel, Spleen, Vapours, fits of the Mother, and ſo forth——

Sir *Dav.*

Sir *Dav.* Rather Fits of the Father, I fancy.

*Man.* I had attain'd to ſuch perfections in the Chymical Art, that I wanted but one degree of heat to reach the Philoſopher's Stone.

Sir *Dav.* That Habit methinks does not anſwer this mighty Skill.

*Man.* Oh! Sir, Skill does not lie in Cloaths——And the moſt ingenuous, are not always the moſt fortunate——I have had many Croſſes in my time——Which has reduc'd me much below my Birth, I aſſure you——I ſerve an Officer at preſent, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*, whoſe Life I ſav'd at the Battle of *Audenard*, when he was ſhot through with a Cannon Ball.

Sir *Dav.* How! ſhot through with a Cannon Ball?

*Man.* Yes, Sir; what, do you wonder at that? Why, Sir, I have a Water, that if your Head were off, I'd but waſh it with that, and clap it upon your Shoulders again; and you ſhou'd grow as perfectly well in half an hour, as ever you was in your Life; I have made the Experiment upon Thouſands; my Maſter's Brother was one of them——

Sir *Dav.* If you were in Petticoats, I ſhou'd take you for the Kentiſh Miracle——What is this Officer's Name, Friend, that you ſerve?

*Man.* Captain *Bounce*, Sir.

Sir *Dav. Bounce!* I fancy you are related to him, are you not, Friend?

*Man.* No, Sir, not at all; indeed he uſes me more like a Relation, than a Servant, for the reaſon before mentioned.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! And where is he, pray?

*Man.* At the *Talbot*, Sir; if you pleaſe I'll fetch him hither?

Sir *Dav.* By no means, Sir; but what buſineſs have you here in *Peterborough?*

*Man.* We have been raiſing Recruits, Sir——A Pox of this old Dog; how many impertinent Queſtions does he aſk——Here's no hopes of ſeeing *Lucy*——

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I deſire you'd look your Simples elſewhere; for I don't like you, notwithſtanding your fair Pretences.

*Man.* Sir,

*Man.* Sir, I ſhall obey you——But pray who does this Houſe belong to?

Sir *Dav.* Why, this Houſe belongs to——its Maſter.

*Man.* Indeed, Sir——Pray who is that Maſter? if I may be ſo bold to ask.

Sir *Dav.* Why that Maſter is——a Man, Friend.

*Man.* Really, Sir, your Anſwers are ſo conciſe and ſo ingenious, that it is impoſſible to quit your Company——We deſign for *Cambridge* to Night, pray what time do you think we ſhall get in?

Sir *Dav,* The Town Clock will tell you, when you come there.

*Man.* Is it poſſible!——I humbly thank you, Sir——one thing more I wou'd gladly be reſolv'd——I have a Brother bound for *Portugal*; pray is the Wind fair, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* What do you take me for, a Weather Cock, Sirrah? Heark ye, the Wind will blow you no good, if you don't get about your buſineſs, remember that, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Very well——this muſt be Sir *David* his own ſelf——'Egad he has all his Paces, it will be hard to bring matters about here; I'm juſt as wiſe as I was when I came——and have told fifty Lyes to no purpoſe——Ha! his Coach at the Door, I'll watch whither he goes, I'm reſolv'd——

*Re-enter Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* What, are you not gone yet, Sirrah? I'll have you laid by the Heels, if you don't get off my ground this moment.

*Man.* Sir, I am going this moment——A Pox of his Leathern Jaws——Well, I'll inform my Maſter what has paſs'd, and leave him to think on what's to come— [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* So, he is gone——I don't like the Countenance of this Fellow——*Sam*——

*Enter Servant.*

*Sam.* Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Lock my Doors, d'ye hear; till I return from

the Coffee-houſe, let no body in or out——

*Sam.* I ſhall obſerve, Sir. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE *Changes to the Coffee-houſe*, Lovely, Conſtant, *and* Faithful.

*Faith.* I have confirm'd the whole Town in the belief of thy Father's Death.

*Conſt.* Then thou haſt done me Service——Come, you'll both go with me to *Truſty*'s——

*Faith.* No, I have a mind to ſtay here; to ſee if Sir *David* comes; this Morning I will try to get acquainted with him; perhaps my being a Stranger, he may invite me to Dinner.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, He wou'd as ſoon give thee his Eſtate.

*Enter* Manage.

*Faith.* Ha! *Manage*, what News? Haſt thou ſeen *Lucy*?

*Man.* No, Sir, but I have ſeen the Knight.

*Faith.* Well, and what have you diſcover'd?

*Man.* That it was not worth your while to come Poſt from *London*, to return the ſame way——Ah Pox of the laſt Horſe I rid; what a curſed Fall had I in *Stangate-hole*——don't you remember, Sir, how I lay over Head and Ears in Mire; whilſt the Gentlemen of the Pad diſburthen'd you of a hundred Pounds?

*Faith.* Hang your unſeaſonable Memory, Sirrah; leave fooling, and tell me——You ſee Sir *David*, did you ſpeak to him?

*Man.* Yes, Sir, but he anſwer'd me with a damn'd ſowre Air; and I aſſure you it will require Cannon to reduce his Citadel.

*Faith.* Love has taught me to ſurmount all Difficulties.

*Man.* But here the Knight will be immediately; for I heard him give Orders to lock up the Doors, till he return'd from the Coffee-houſe.

*Lov.* Ay, that's right Sir *David*! ha, ha.

*Faith.* Lock up the Doors! Ah poor *Laura*! how ſhall I give thee notice of my being here——

*Conſt.* I have a thought in my Head, if it cou'd be put in

practice——Heark, I hear the Coach——ha! here's no body in the Room to discover the Trick——Let us pretend a Quarrel——Draw, *Faithful.*

*Faith.* To what purpose?

*Const.* You shall know instantly——*Lovely,* do you seem to part us; he's here——Damn you Sir, you Lye. [*draws.*
I have not lost, nor will I pay——

*Faith.* Take your Lye back, Sir, [*seems to fight.*

*Enter Sir* David.

*Lov.* Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen; what do you mean?

*Faith.* Damn you, Sir, you shall pay me——

*Const.* There is the Money then, you have it——pretend to be wounded with that Thrust, *Faithful.* [*Aside to him.*

*Faith.* I am wounded——pray help to lead me home——

*Lov.* Oh Friend! what have you done?

Sir *Dav.* What's here, Murder?

*Const.* I hope the Wound's not mortal——Curse on my unlucky Arm; how dost thou, *Ned?*

Sir *Dav.* Do quotha! If the Gentleman is wounded, I must secure you, Sir,

*Const.* Secure me, Sir! Alas! Sir, I don't intend to fly; a Pox of all Wagers I say.

*Faith.* Pray lead me to my Inn, for I feel my Spirits very faint.

*Lov.* Lead you! Alas, I doubt you cannot walk so far.

*Const.* What, is there not a Chair or a Coach to be got?

*Lov.* Sir *David* has a Coach at the Door, if you cou'd prevail with him to lend it you a little.

*Const.* Sir, pray oblige us with your Coach, it shall return immediately.

Sir *Dav.* With all my heart——[*Goes to the Door, and speaks to his Coachman aloud.*
*Tom,* Here, carry this Gentleman home——d'ye hear, and make haste back again,

*Faith.* Oh! Friend, I understand you now; my Soul dances with the bare Idea.

*Const.* It has succeeded to my Wish——*Lovely,* help lead him to the Coach.

Sir *Dav.* If there be any Danger, Mr. *Lovely*, take care to ſecure the Murderer.

*Lov.* Oh! They are intimate Friends, Sir *David*, he won't flinch, I know.

Sir *Dav.* Well, well, look you to that——[*Ex. into the Houſe.*

*Conſt. Manage!* Come you along with us, I have ſome Inſtructions for you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE *Changes to the out ſide of* Truſty's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Lovely, Conſtant, Clinch *and* Manage.

*Lov.* He'll certainly get admittance to his Miſtreſs by this Stratagem; but if the Knight ſhou'd find him there, how will he come off?

*Conſt.* Nay, let him look to that——but *Manage* ſhall take *Clinch*'s great Coat, 'tis like a Livery——Sweet Sir, can you condeſcend to wear a Livery an hour or two?

*Man.* To ſerve my Maſter's Amour I will, Sir——elſe I ſcorn a Livery—— I muſt have that black Wig too.

*Conſt.* Well, well! Here, *Clinch*, change, change with him. [*they change Cloaths.*

*Clin.* So, Sir! Now I am your *Valet de Chambre.*

*Man.* Well, Sir, what am I to do now?

*Conſt.* Why, go watch about Sir *David*'s Door, and as you ſee occaſion, employ your Wits.

*Man.* Very well, Sir, let me alone for that; your humble Servant, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Dolly, *out of the Houſe.*

*Dolly.* Oh! Are you come Captain; I have told my Miſtreſs every particular——pleaſe to walk in, Sir, I'll inform my Maſter you are here. [*They go in.*

## *The* SCENE *draws, and diſcovers them in a Room.*

*Lov.* 'Tis an admirable Project, Captain, if you are not diſcover'd; but your Father will certainly know it in a little time.

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* If poſſible, I'll marry the Woman to Night.

*Lov.* I fear Sir *Jeffrey* will reſent the Trick.

*Conſt.* I hope to convince him the Trick was upon *Truſty*; for he may recover the Money of him, if he pleaſes, and with me it may paſs for his Daughter's Portion; but rather than fail, I'll give the Steward my Bond, when 'tis diſcover'd, to refund the Money, when I become Maſter of my Father's Eſtate; for without *Belinda*, nothing can make me Happy.

*Clin.* Ah, Sir, you'll ſcarce find a Man in the Army of your Mind——Prefer a Woman to Money! Why Sir, Money is the very Hinge the whole World turns upon——A Soldier, and not love Money!——Money has power to alter all Conſtitutions, and in ſpight of Cuſtom, ſtamp what Form it pleaſes——'Twill make an honeſt Man a Knave; nay, 'twill make a Knave an honeſt Man——'Twill make a Coward Valiant——an Old Woman Young——a Young Woman a Saint——a Lawyer Juſt——a Stateſman Loyal——and a Courtier keep his Word.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, *Clinch* is a Wit.

*Clin.* Faith, I always thought ſo by my Poverty.

*Conſt.* Well hinted *Clinch*——I'm in thy Debt——

[*gives him half a Guinea.*

*Clin.* Oh Sir, I'm yours in all reſpects——Oh! this dear Colour!

*What can there be that this dear Coin can't buy?*
*For thee Men toil and ſweat, ſwear, cheat and lye;*
*For thee do's Friend his deareſt Friend betray,*
*And Women give their very Souls away.*
*Joyn but Ambition to this glitt'ring Evil,*
*And in an Inſtant Man is made a Devil.*

*Conſt.* Ha, ha. ha.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Clin.* Ad's heart, Sir, ſet your weeping Face in Order——Here comes the Steward——

*Enter* Truſty.

*Tru.* Captain *Conſtant*, your Servant! you are welcome into the Country. What, you are in want of Men; I warrant you are going to raiſe Recruits.

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* Not at this time, Sir; 'tis a more unwelcome Accident that brought me down. [*takes out his Handkerchief, and ſeems to weep.*

*Truſt.* Good lack! the News is really true then, Sir *Jeffry* is Dead.

*Clin.* Ay, poor Gentleman, he's laid low——

*Tru.* I confeſs I heard ſo, but I hop'd it might be Report only; I did deſign to have ſet out for *London* as ſoon as I had D n'd——My Heart akes———Bleſs me! What have I paid him without any Receipt—I lov'd Sir *Jeffry* like a Brother; truly I am very much troubled—— [*ſeems to weep.*

*Clin.* Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too———Be comforted, Sir [*to* Conſtant.] Fathers muſt go as well as Sons——Why do you afflict your ſelf at this rate, Sir? Since Death is Death, who can help it?

*Lov.* Pray be comforted, Sir *John*—— [*to* Conſtant.

*Tru.* Pray of what Diſtemper did he die?

*Clin.* Ah! duce on't! What was that hard Word? Now can't I think on't, as I hope to be Great——

*Lov.* Of an Apoplexy———A Pox of the Doctors, for giving Death ſo many ſtrange Names. [*aſide.*

*Clin.* Right, Sir———He died of Apoplexy, Sir.

*Tru.* Of an Apoplexy! Why then I doubt he died ſuddainly.

*Conſt.* In a Moment's time, Sir, he was alive and dead——

*Clin.* Ay, without ever ſpeaking one Word, Sir———

*Tru. Roars out.*] Oh, oh, oh. Did he ſettle his Affairs in his Health? Did he make any Will?———

*Conſt.* Not any, Sir.

*Clin.* No, Sir: He has left all at ſixes and ſevens.

*Tru.* Oh, oh, oh——— [*faints.*

*Lov.* Ha! Help, *Clinch*, I hope he is not Dead.

*Clin.* No, no; he breaths, thank Heaven; pray you look up, Sir.

*Conſt.* Why are you thus concern'd?

*Lov.* You really increaſe Sir *John*'s Grief, Sir.

*Tru.* Oh what have I loſt!

*Conſt.* I know you have loſt a Friend in my Father; but you ſhall find him again in me.

*Tru.*

*Tru.* Oh but he has left all things at fixes and ſevens, *Clinch* ſays ——Did he ſay nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

*Conſt.* Not a Syllable——But I ſuppoſe your Concern proceeds from having paid him Money without any thing to ſhow for it under his hand.

*Tru.* Ay, Sir, there's my Misfortune—— Oh, oh.

*Clin.* 'Tis the Money, not the Man——Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young Maſter has been inform'd to a Farthing what it was——Tell him, tell him, Sir, your Father appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it. [*aſide to* Conſtant.

*Tru.* Inform'd!

*Conſt.* Yes Mr. *Truſty*; my Father cou'd not reſt till he had diſclos'd your Affair.

*Clin.* Ah good honeſt Soul; ſeeing he was ſnatch'd away ſo ſuddainly he has ſeveral times appear'd.

*Tru.* How! appear'd, ſay you?

*Clin.* Aſk my Maſter elſe.

*Conſt.* Moſt certain, Sir——

*Clin.* He haunted us ſix Days like the Devil; ſometimes like a ſhag Dog——Sometimes like a white Pidgeon——At laſt he took his own Shape. *Clinch*, ſaid he, don't you know me? Then addreſſing himſelf to my Maſter; don't be afraid, ſaid he, I come to tell you, that at ſeveral times I have receiv'd from Mr. *Truſty*.——

*Tru.* Ah dear Ghoſt, dear Ghoſt; how much did he ſay?

*Conſt.* Eight hundred Pound.

*Tru.* Right to a Penny, look ye there now, ſee what it is to deal with honeſt Men; one loſes nothing by them, tho' in their Graves.

*Clin.* Oh, the Dead, Sir, are always Generous; they value Money no more than that—— [*ſnapping his Fingers.*

*Tru.* Poor Gentleman, that he ſhou'd take a Journey from the other World upon my account.

*Clin.* Ah, Sir, the Dead ride poſt upon the Winds—— He charg'd me to tell you, for your Satisfaction, he wou'd come and give you an Acquittance himſelf.

*Tru.* By no means, I am content, let the Dead viſit who they will for me.

*Conſt.*

*Const.* Oh fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you; but to our Buſineſs, Sir, what you have paid I will diſcount.

*Tru.* And the reſt of the Money is at your Service, and my Daughter too, Sir *John*, if you have not loſt the Remembrance of her.

*Const.* To ſhow you that I have not, Mr. *Truſty*, I aſſure you ſhe will be the welcomeſt Preſent of the two.

*Lov.* Thy Buſineſs is done, *Conſtant*.

*Tru.* Say you ſo, Sir *John*! Well, I'll fetch the Writings, and diſpatch ſome Affairs, and then I'll carry you to my Daughter ——But upon ſecond Thoughts, pleaſe to walk into my Study, 'tis more convenient.

*Const.* With all my Heart, I'll follow you ——[*Exit* Truſty.

*Lov.* Matters go as you cou'd wiſh; you'll be Married to Night, Captain.

*Const.* I wiſh 'twere over; Egad I'd rather fight half a dozen Men, than deſcend to this Raſcally way of Lying, were there any help for it, it is beneath a Soldier——

*A Soldier ſcorns the whining Lover's Art;*
*His Courage takes Poſſeſſion of the Heart:*
*Diſdains by Treachery to raiſe his Name,*
*But boldly owns the bright ambitious Flame,*
*And courts his Miſtreſs as he courts his Fame.*

*End of the Second Act.*

---

# ACT III.

SCENE, Truſty *in his Study, with* Conſtant, Lovely *and* Clinch. *Papers and Money upon the Table.*

*Truſty.* THere, Sir *John*, there are in theſe Bags Two and twenty hundred Pound, which, with the Eight hundred I remitted Sir *Jeffry*, is juſt Three thouſand Pound; if you pleaſe you may count it, 'tis moſt in Gold.

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* No, I'll take your Word for't; Here, *Clinch*, carry it to *Drive* the Carrier, he is juſt now going to *London*; Order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear?

*Clin.* Yes, Sir—— [*Exit with the Bags.*

*Lov.* He is loaden with it, ha, ha, ha——

*Tru.* Poor Sir *Jeffry*, reſt his Soul, did promiſe to bate me Twenty Pound a Year; for I have paid him Two Hundred Pounds a Year theſe ſixteen Years, for that Land which is not worth an Hundred and fourſcore.

*Lov.* Say you ſo, Mr. *Truſty*? Then you muſt perform your Father's Promiſe, Sir *John*.

*Conſt.* Ay, when he has paid me as much as he has my Father.

*Lov.* Come, ſhall I ſettle Matters between you? I'll forgive Sir *John* a Hundred Pounds; you know he has been kept ſhort, and doubtleſs has occaſion for ready Money, and he ſhall bate you Twenty Pound a Year.

*Tru.* Ay, that's all one, Mr. *Lovlady*—I can't do that.

*Conſt.* Nay, ſince Mr. *Lovlady* has propos'd it, if you won't do that——

*Tru.* Well, but Sir *John*, perhaps you'll expect a large Fortune with my Daughter; I can't tell how to——

*Conſt.* I aſk you for none, Sir.

*Tru.* Why then there's the Hundred Pound; but you muſt ſignifie at the bottom of this Leaſe our Bargain.

*Enter* Roger, *a Farmer.*

*Conſt.* Give it me, I'll do't—— [*ſits down to write.*

*Rog.* Morrow Landlord, I ha' brought you a little Rent, and in troth 'tis but a little neither, for we'ha had but a ſorry Crop of Barley, and the Crows, a murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my Beans, I think.

*Tru.* But you have a new Landlord, *Roger*—Old Sir *Jeffry* is dead, and there's his Son.

*Rog.* Say you ſo, Maſter! Bleſs you, Sir, I did not know your Father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair Pound——Nor I don't know you; but as you be my Landlord, I'm an honeſt Man; and tho' I ſay it, pay my Rent as well as any Body.

*Conſt.* I don't doubt it, Friend——I am ſorry your Harveſt has not prov'd ſo good as you expected.

*Rog.* I hope, Maſter, for Lord's ſake now, you'll bate me ſomething of my Rent.

*Conſt.* I can't do that, *Roger*——For the Taxes take away all my Money——

*Rog.* Nay, as you ſay, Maſter, theſe Taxes are ſad things, that's the Truth on't——Od they find out ſtrange ways; they had got a Trick here once to make one pay for one's Head——Mercy on us, I was afraid they wou'd make one pay for one's Tail too——My Neighbour *What d'e call um* ——ſays it coſt him the Lord knows what in Buryings and Chriſtnings——Adod 'tis a ſore Thing, a Man muſt pay for Lying with his own Wife.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, ha, 'twas a Grievance indeed; but Taxes can't be help'd, ſo long as the Wars continue.

*Rog.* Wars! Why what need there be any Wars? Can't People live peaceably and quietly among themſelves——If they will ſquable, and play the Rogue, let 'em go to Law; can't they ſet the Lawyers to work; I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as Lambs.

*Conſt.* Ha, ha, ha; but we are at Wars with a Prince that cares for no Laws but his own, nay he breaks them too, when 'tis his Intereſt——

*Rog.* Why then Mercy upon us, I ſay——Well an how! may one wiſh you much Joy? Ha, you got a Wife, Landlord? By the Meſs you are a pretty Man——

*Conſt.* I'm not ſo happy yet, *Roger.*

*Rog.* Say you ſo? Good lack, I'm ſorry for't——Why now here's Maſter *Truſty* has a good ſweatly look'd Gentlewoman to his Daughter——What think you of her, Landlord?——Od, and all Parties were agreed, ſhe'd make a rare Bedfellow, I'm perſuaded.

*Lov.* I believe Sir *John* is of your mind; have you any Intereſt with her, Father?

*Rog.* Not I, in troth, Maſter *Lovely*——but the Gentlewoman is of a ſweet temper.

*Lov.* Do you think you cou'd perſuade her to run away with him?

*Rog.*

*Rog.* Would I cou'd, Sir —— for a pretty Woman is the beſt Luggage in the World —— for when a Man is weary, he may reſt upon it; ha, ha.

*Conſt.* You are waggiſh, *Roger*.

*Truſty.* Yes, yes, *Roger* will joke; there's your Acquittance, if Sir *John* pleaſe to ſign it ——

*Conſt.* 'Tis the ſame thing if you ſign it, Mr. *Truſty*.

*Truſty.* I find my Daughter [*Signs the Note.*
ſtands fair in your Opinion, *Roger*.

*Rog.* Look ye, Sir —— I hope you an't angry! I meant no harm —— I ſpoke as I thought; an I had a hundred Daughters —— my Landlord, and Mr. *Loveby*, ſhould have them all, and they would, ha, ha!

*Conſt.* I am oblig'd to you truly.

*Lov.* Oh! a hundred wou'd be too many.

*Conſt.* Prithee have thou never a ſingle one at preſent?

*Rog.* Not that I know of, in troth, Sir; but an you'll do me a ſmall kindneſs, Sir, I may chance get you one about fourteen Years hence.

*Lov.* That will be ſomething too long to ſtay.

*Conſt.* But what can I ſerve thee in, *Roger*?

*Rog.* Why, Mrs. *Belinda* has a kind of a Maid call'd *Dorothy*; I have had a hankering mind after her theſe two Years; but the ſliving Baggage will not come to a Reſolution yet.

*Truſty.* You muſt apply your ſelf to my Daughter, *Roger*, ſhe'll be the beſt Advocate; but I doubt ſhe's too fine for you.

*Rog.* Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that; an ſhe can win Gold, as the Saying is, e'en let her wear it.

*Truſty.* But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

*Rog.* Mehap ſo, as you ſay; indeed I have not ſuch gay Cloaths as theſe Gentlefolk have, becauſe I can't afford it, de ye ſee? elſe I ſhou'd like 'em well enough —— In troth, I believe I have ſome Seeds of a Gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad Cloath better than my Leathern Breeches, and a Holland Shirt, far before a Flaxen one —— add methinks, I, I, I, could be very well contented with a Bottle of Wine every day —— I am mainly inclin'd to ſtrong Beer —— and don't care a Farthing if I never were to drink any ſmall.

*Lov.* Oh! extraordinary Symptoms of a Gentleman, I'll assure you——Well, we'll speak to *Dolly* for you.

*Trusty.* Ay, ay, we'll all speak for you; go, go into the Cellar then, and drink thy Belly full.

*Const.* Be sure to drink *Dolly*'s Health.

*Rog.* Thank you kindly, Sir——Ay, ay, Master, that I will I promise you, in a full Horn——So Landlord, good by to you with all my heart [*Exit.*

*Trust.* Now, Sir *John*, I'll send my Daughter to keep you Company, till I look for some Leases your Father order'd me to get drawn, which if you think fit to sign——

*Const.* If the Tenants are able Men, with all my heart.

*Trusty.* Oh! very sufficient Men, Sir *John*. [*Ex.* Trusty.

*Lov.* Well, thou hast secur'd the Money, *Constant*; and my Advice is to dispatch the Woman as fast as you can, and find some pretence to defer these Leases for two or three days——Sir *Jeffrey* is whimsical, and if he shou'd alter his mind, and come down——

*Const.* Here wou'd be no staying for me, if he shou'd; therefore I design to be as quick as possible——but here comes the Star that guides me to Happiness.

*Enter* Belinda *and* Maria.

*Lov.* And my Pilot——

*Mar.* What Voyage are you for, pray?

*Lov.* The everlasting Voyage of Matrimony, Child——and your Eyes are two such dangerous Rocks, that nothing but your Tongue can steer me into Harbour.

*Mar.* But any of my Sex can steer you out, you'll be for cruising from Port to Port, to make that everlasting Voyage agreeable.

*Lov.* No, faith, where I drop my Anchor, there my Vessel is moor'd for Life——Well, *Constant*, what says the Lady? will she let thy *Habeas Corpus* remove her?

*Bel.* Out of one Prison into another, is it not so, *Constant*?

*Lov.* Interrogating! nay then 'tis proper to be alone; there is a very pretty Collection of Prints in the next Room, Madam, will you give me leave to explain them to you?

*Mar.* Any thing that may divert your Love Subject. [*Ex.* *Const.*

*Conſt.* Can *Belinda* term my Arms a Priſon?

*Bel.* But Marriage is a Fetter, *Conſtant.*

*Conſt.* I'll not make it one; I'm a true Britiſh Subject, I'm for Liberty and Property——

*Bel.* And Self-intereſt, for they are inſeparable.

*Conſt.* I hope our Intereſts are the ſame, and when link'd, will be the ſtronger. Come, Madam, conſider our opportunity may be ſhort, we ought to be quick, to prevent diſcovery; I have your Father's conſent.

*Bel.* Diſcovery! Why what is it you fear? 'tis but reaſonable I be let into the Secret, if I'm in danger of ſharing the Puniſhment, Sir *John.*

*Conſt.* Why that Sir *John*, *Belinda*, I know you are inform'd of all, then do not ridicule my ardent Paſſion; 'twas my Love for you that firſt inſpir'd me with this Stratagem; then prithee calm, my deareſt—— *[taking her hand.*

*Bel.* Not a ſtep, ſweet Servant——I'll know upon what terms I capitulate, e'er I ſurrender.

*Conſt.* Terms! Madam! Has not *Dolly* told you of the Plot?

*Bel.* Yes, upon your Father and mine, Captain, but I don't think it ſafe to join in it: Suppoſe my Father be oblig'd to pay back this Money; may not that be provocation enough to diſown me? and if your's ſhou'd for this trick diſinherit you?—What Joynture can you make me?

*Conſt.* My Heart, Madam.

*Bel.* Pſhaw! that is the ſlippery'ſt piece in all Fortune's Treaſure——we never can be certain of that——

*Conſt.* Then my Soul.

*Bel.* Where ſhall I find it? the Learned can't agree where to place it; therefore I'll have no trouble about that.

*Conſt.* Then take my Body for Bail, that I'm ſure is ſouth coming.

*Bel.* Ay, but there's No——*Ne exeat Regnum* in Love's Court——

*Conſt.* To cut off all Objections, I ſettle this Money upon you; and either put it out to Intereſt, or purchaſe ſome pretty Retirement; where, if *Belinda* loves but half ſo well, as I flatter'd my ſelf ſhe did, I can forſake all Courts and Company——and prefer a Grott with Her, before all the trappings of the Fools of Fortune——

*Bel.* Generously said! I have try'd thee, *Constant*, and find thy Nature like thy Name; there, take my Hand—— my Heart was thine before.

*Const.* 'Tis sympathy of Souls that join us two,
Death only shall our Gordian Knot undo.
*Bel.* Until that Hour, Belinda will be true.

*Re-enter* Lovely *and* Maria.

*Lov.* Joy to thee, my Friend; and you, Madam, we overheard your Protestations——

*Const.* Prithee let's fetch the Parson this Minute——

*Lov.* To choose——Ladies, we'll return instantly. [*Ex.*

*Mar.* Prosperity to *Belinda!*

*Bel.* Dare not you bear me Company, Girl? Have you the Heart to let me run this Hazard alone?

*Mar.* Why, what wou'd you have me do?

*Bel.* Even what I design to do——Marry——for I'm sure thou lov'st that handsome young Fellow.

*Mar.* I find you understand your own Constitution, *Belinda.*

*Bel.* So well; that if you follow my Example, you'll act as resolutely.

*Mar.* Thine is a rash Venture, if Sir *Jeffrey* shou'd not forgive him.

*Bel.* The more honourable; we have Love, and that's the best Estate in a married Life.

*Mar.* True, but what can we poor Women do, whose Parents are not inclin'd to gratifie our Wishes;——you know mine are set against this Match——

*Bel.* Pugh, Parents will relent in time——If not, Mr. *Lovely* has Fortune enough to make you happy——You love him, and he loves you; were I in your place, I'd fain see a third shou'd part us.

*Mar.* True, I do love him——but will not marry him, without a Portion; he shall never throw that in my Dish, I resolve.

*Bel.* An admirable Resolution truly——Then you'll go on; hang your Head, cross your Arms, sigh your Soul into the Air——sit up all Night like a Watch Candle, and distil

your Brains through your Eye-lids——for so I have done——no, no, Girl, e'en let us save our Tears, till we are married.

*Mar.* What, you think like moſt Wives, we ſhall have occaſion for them then——ha, ha.

*Bel.* As it may fall out——Then let us marry whilſt we are young, that we may be able to bear it with the better Courage——But here's my Father over head and ears in Papers; I tremble though, to think what he will ſay when he finds the Cheat.

*Enter* Truſty, *with Papers in his hand.*

*Mar.* And ſee who is behind him—— [*Enter* Numa *and* Slouch.

*Bel.* I have a ſudden thought how to divert my Father's Anger; when all's diſcover'd, I'll put it in practice——Sir, your humble Servant.

*Num.* Od, She ſpeaks, *Slouch*——Nay, Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

*Truſty.* Ha! what's that——Why, Sir, I admire——but day, where are the Gentlemen, Daughter?

*Num.* Gentlemen, Sir, why here is one Gentleman; indeed I can't ſay much for *Slouch*——

*Truſty.* Why don't you anſwer me, ha?

*Bel.* I know not, Sir, they went out ſoon after we entred.

*Mar.* They whiſper'd, Sir, and left the Room.

*Truſty.* Ha! I don't like that——

*Slou.* Mehap they are gone to fight for Mrs. *Belinda*. An ſhe'd marry you, Maſter now, how rarely they'd be chous'd, ha, ha.

*Num.* Od, ſo they wou'd, as you ſay, *Slouch*——Madam, what ſay you? Mr. *Truſty*, ſhall we make an end on't? I know you are a merry Man, and did but joke wo' me.

*Truſty.* Say you ſo! I doubt you won't find it ſo, Sir.

*Num.* No! why I verily believe the Gentlewoman has a kindneſs for me, by her Looks. How ſay you, Miſtreſs? ſpeak the Truth, and ſhame the Devil, as the ſaying is——han't you?

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Well, if I muſt ſpeak the Truth, 'Squire, I have as much kindneſs for you, as for any body; my Father commanded me to love.

*Truſty.* Ay! why what ſay you to Sir *John Conſtant*? don't you like him better?

*Bel.* I did once, Sir, but I don't remember I ever had your Conſent in that.

*Truſty.* You have it now then——'tis time enough; it is good to know what one has to truſt to.

*Bel.* Your Leave now, Sir, comes too late, he may have chang'd his Mind.

*Truſty.* No, no, you ſhall be married to Night, he ſhan't have time to think of Change.

*Nun.* Look ye, Sir, fair and ſoftly, he ſhall not have her to Night, mehap—for all your haſte [illegible] ſtand by me.

*Slou.* That I will, Maſter, in any [illegible] *England.*

*Mar. Humph!* I gueſs her drift. [*Aſide.*

*Bel.* Then 'tis time for me to [illegible]

*Truſty.* Hey day, What's here [illegible]

*Bel.* I don't like Matches hudled [illegible] learnt from your Inſtructions, [illegible] Happineſs in a Marry'd State.

*Nun.* Good [illegible] Faith [illegible]

*Truſty.* Your future Happ[illegible] your future Happineſs, Madam?

[illegible], ha?

*Slou.* The Woman has a wounded mind [illegible] I ſee that, Maſter.

[illegible] than formerly [illegible] but this Quality [illegible] and when a Lover [illegible] his Sincerity [illegible] I like not the method of our Anceſtors. The Name of Husband without the Fondneſs is like a Title without an Eſtate, a mere Jeſt with the Wiſe.

*Mar.* I am of her Opinion, Sir.

*Nun.* And I too, faith——Od, ſhe talks nately; I ſhall have her, I find——in my Conſcience I love her ten times the better, becauſe I ſee ſhe loves me——and let me tell you, Sir, your Daughter is honeſter than you are——Why ſhou'd you pretend to croſs her Will? You plainly ſee, ſhe has a mind to no body but me——Mun—— *Truſty.*

*Tru.* I plainly ſee you are a Fool, and ſhe's another—

*Num.* Look ye, ſay what you will o' me, but don't affront her; for all you are her Father, I won't let my Wife be call'd Names, de ye ſee.

*Tru.* Zounds, get out of my Doors.

*Num.* Ay, but who is the Fool then?

*Bel.* Pray be calm; ſince you once lik'd the 'Squire for a Son-in-law, I hope I ſhan't diſoblige you in preferring him before Sir *John* for a Huſband.

*Num.* Diſoblige him! Who cares if it do's, Madam, come along———

*Mar.* Ha, ha. If thy Father ſhou'd [illegible] at thy Word, *Belinda*?

*Bel.* My Stars forbid———

*Tru.* Did you ever ſee ſuch a provoking Creature?

*Enter* Conſtant *and* Lovely.

Oh, Sir *John*, 'Tis well you are come——Where have you been? You are in danger of loſing your Miſtreſs here.

*Conſt.* I hope, Sir, I have taken the beſt way to ſecure her.

*Lov.* If the Parſon can do it, for we have got him in the next Room.

*Bel. To* Conſtant.] Honour what I ſay———

*Tru.* Now Miſtreſs, You had beſt bring your Objections again, and ſpoil your Fortune.

*Bel. To* Num.] If you dare maintain your Courage to me, I am yours——— I ſay again, Sir, I like the [illegible]

*Num.* Dare I od I, I, I, I, dare a, a—

*Conſt.* What dare you do, Sir?

*Num.* What a Plague do you ſtare at me?

*Conſt.* What was that you muttered? what dare you do?

*Num.* I dare do as much as you dare do——— I'm not to be fright'ned wi' Looks, mun.

*Slou.* Od, take heed Maſter, he has a wounding long Sword.

*Num.* A Sword! I care not a———for his Sword, nor him neither. [*Walks about in a heat.*

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Bel.* Ha, ha, ha, Sir *John*, [illegible] Gentleman is a Perſon whom I eſteem.

*Num.* Ay, Sir, and one that She intends to marry too.

*Conſt.* Marry! when, Sir?

*Num.* When ſhe pleaſes, Sir; now, an you'll lend us your Parſon?

*Lov.* Ay, 'tis fit you aſk him leave indeed!

*Conſt.* I'll lend you my Sword in your Guts firſt.

*Num.* Your Sword in my Guts——*Slouch*, give me your Cudgel. [*Snatches his Stick.*

*Slou.* Ads blead, clear the way, clear the way; I'll turn the 'Squire looſe to any Man in *Somerſetſhire*.

*Num.* Come, out with your Spit, mun——Wounds, an I don't make ye put it up again, I'll ne'er ſtrike ſtroke more.

*Conſt.* The Devil, he'll knock me down. [*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

*Truſty.* Oh don't draw, Sir *John*——lay down your Stick, Sir, and get you about your buſineſs, or you'll oblige me to uſe you worſe than I am willing to do.

*Mar.* Excellent Sport, ha, ha.

*Lov.* Incomparable, ha, ha.

*Bel.* Who cou'd have thought the Lout ſo couragious——Oh pray let us have no fighting.

*Truſty.* You have had your Anſwer, Sir, therefore pray be gone quietly.

*Bel.* You 'fright me out of my Wits, 'Squire; pray go out of my Father's Houſe peaceably; if you love me, do, we'll find ſome other way.

*Num.* Love ye, yes, I do love you; or what makes me in ſuch a Paſſion, think you? Well, well, I will go out——Look ye, Sir, an you be a Man, follow me; I'll box fairly with you now, for half a Crown, and this Gentleman ſhall hold Stakes, and ſee fair play——If you dare now?

*Lov.* Fie, fie, 'Squire, Gentlemen don't uſe to Box.

*Conſt.* Box, ye Blockhead, ha, ha, ha.

*Num.* Blockhead!——Zounds, I'll learn you to call Names. [*ſtrips off his Coat.*

*Slou.* Come on, Sirrah, I'll fight with you at the ſame time—[*begins to ſtrip*] I'll ſtand by Maſter, for the honour of *Somerſetſhire*.

*Clin.* Death, you ſhamble ham'd Dog! I'll beat your Head off—— [*Gives him a box of the Ear.*

*Num.* Ay! are you there? faith, come on——come on. [*falls foul upon* Clinch.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Hold, hold, two to one is odds. [*parts them.*

*Clin.* Let me alone, Sir, egad I'll fight 'em both.

*Bel.* Ha, ha, ha, what do you do, 'Squire, fight with a Footman! pray leave off, or you'll diſoblige me for ever.

*Truſty.* Oh Lord, oh Lord! what ſhall I do?

*Num.* What care I.

*Mar.* What, don't you care for your Miſtreſs?

*Num.* Yes, yes, but I won't be made a Fool on; but I will go——an I were ſure you wou'd not be forc'd to marry this ſame Spark——I won't leave you in the lurch, Madam.

*Bel.* No, no, 'Squire, they ſhall not force me, I promiſe you.

*Num.* Then I go——but look to't, I'll catch you out of this Houſe; by the Maſs I'll rib you. [*Ex.*

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Truſty.* Adod, I was out of all Patience with the Fool—— Come, take her by the hand, Sir *John*, you ſhall be married this Minute, we'll ſettle buſineſs afterward.

*Bel.* Indeed, Sir, you'll repent this haſty Match.

*Conſt.* What means *Belinda*?

*Bel.* You ſhall know within.

*Truſty.* Get along——in my Soul, I think the whole Compoſition of Women is Contradiction. [*Ex. omnes.*

## SCENE *Sir* David's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Faithful *and* Coachman.

*Faith.* There, honeſt Coachman, drink my Health; but pray can't I ſpeak with the Gentlewoman of the Houſe?

*Coach.* Sir *David* has no Wife, Sir; but here is a young Lady, I'll call her Maid; Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Lucy*, here is a Gentleman wou'd ſpeak with your Miſtreſs——

*Enter* Lucy.

*Lucy.* A Gentleman! bleſs me, how came you to let a Man in, *Thomas*, in Sir *David*'s abſence?

*Coach.* Sir *David* bad me himſelf, or you may be ſure I had not done it—— I thank you, Sir. [*Ex. Coachman.*

*Lucy.* What do I ſee? Mr. *Faithful!*

*Faith.* The ſame! How fares my Love, my deareſt *Laura*? Quick, bring me to her, I am impatient till I ſee her.

*Lucy.* Nay, nay, ſhe wou'd be as impatient as you, if ſhe

knew you were here——But by what Miracle did you prevail with Sir *David*?

*Faith.* Prithee ask no Queſtions——I'll inform thy Lady; haſte, my time's but ſhort, therefore muſt improve it.

*Lucy.* Well, follow me then. [*Ex.*

*The* SCENE *draws, and diſcovers Mrs.* Laura *at her Spinet. After the Song, Enter* Lucy *and* Faithful.

*Lau.* What did that Blockhead bawl ſo for, *Lucy*?

*Lucy.* To have an Acquaintance of yours admitted, Madam.

*Lau.* An Acquaintance of mine!——ha! my dear *Faithful!* am I awake? and is it really he?

*Faith.* My deareſt Love—— [*run into one another's Arms.* Oh let me hold thee here for ever, for ever taſte the Nectar on theſe Lips——There is ſtill the ſame Fragrancy, as when we parted laſt.

*Lau.* Oh! it was a fatal parting——ſay my Love, how cam'ſt thou here? for the old Monſter allows no Mortal to viſit me.

*Faith.* By Stratagem, my Dear; he ſent me hither in his Coach, yet knows not I am come; thou ſhal't have the Story at more convenient leiſure; but now let us employ our time to advantage.

*Lau.* Heavens! how I tremble! he'll ſoon be back, for he's never out above half an Hour——*Lucy*, watch below. [*Ex.* What can this ſhort interview avail us? which way ſhall I get out of his power? The nauſeous Goat told *Lucy* he deſign'd to marry me himſelf——and caſts ſuch loving Looks every time he ſees me, that I am half diſtracted, leſt he ſhou'd give his horrid Paſſion vent.

*Faith.* Ha! Confound his Paſſion with himſelf——conſent to fly with me to a Friend's Houſe in Town, where we'll be married, and put it out of his Power to confine thee.

*Lau.* With all my heart——My Priſon is ſo odious to me, I need but ſmall intreaties to make me quit it——this is the Cloſet he keeps my Writings in; if we cou'd contrive to get them along with us, or he'll give us trouble enough to get 'em out of his hands, here——don't you think one might wrinch it open?

*Faith.* So he may proſecute us for a Robbery.

*Lau.*

*Lau.* Let him, I'll meddle with nothing of his.

*Enter* Lucy, *haſtily.*

*Lucy.* Oh, Madam! there's Sir *David* in a violent Paſſion, beating all the Servants in before him.

*Lau.* Undone! What ſhall I ſay? what will become of thee?

*Faith.* Sink the Villain——have patience my Deareſt, take no thought for me; ſeem not to know me; pretend ſurprize, and beg me to be gone; leave the reſt to me.

*Enter Sir* David, *beating his Men in upon the Stage.*

Sir *Dav.* Ye Dogs, what have ye done, ha?

*Coach.* What do you beat me for? Did you not bid me carry him home?

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, not to my home, you Raſcal. [*beats him.*

*Faith.* What do you mean, Sir, by ſaying you don't know me; 'ſdeath, did not I lodge here laſt Night?

Sir *Dav.* How's this? how's this?

*Lau.* No indeed, Sir, I never ſaw you before; neither do we let Lodgings, then pray be anſwer'd.

*Faith.* A very pretty trick, faith! What, have you a mind to cheat me of my Horſes, and my Portmanteau——Look ye, Madam, this won't paſs upon me.

Sir *Dav.* No, nor upon me, neither, Sir.

*Faith.* Sir, your humble Servant; I think I have had the Honour to ſee you ſomewhere. I am in diſpute with this Gentlewoman here; ſhe'd fain perſwade me I have miſtook my Inn,——and that I did not lie here laſt Night.

Sir *Dav.* Lye here! Why, do you take this Lady for an Hoſteſs, Sir?

*Faith.* Nay, Sir, ſhe is very handſome——but why the Devil muſt Beauty make her deny her Calling——Ad, you Country Gentlemen, do ſo kiſs and flatter your Landladies, that egad, they don't know where their Tails hang——but we make them know themſelves in *London*——Once more, will you call your Servants.

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! ye Dogs, I'll be revong'd on you. [*beats his Servants, they run off.*

*Sam.* The Fault's not mine, Sir; *Tomas* bad me let him in.

*Faith.* What no Attendance yet? So, ho, Tapſter, Chamberlain——Pray Sir ſit down—— I warrant I'll make ſome body

Body hear——Heark ye, you Miſtreſs——You are not above your Buſineſs too, are you? [*to* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, I ſhall go diſtracted.

*Lu.* Pray Sir know your way out, don't think I'm one of your Wenches.

*Faith.* Good lack, ha, ha, what are you a fine Lady too? the Devil! Sure this is a Bawdy-houſe——

Sir *Dav.* I dare ſwear you'd make it one if you cou'd——

*Faith.* Sir, I take this for an extraordinary Inn——Pray do me the favour to ſit——I'll beat the Chamber down, but I'll make ſome Body come up. So, ho, the Houſe here—— [*Stamps.*

Sir *Dav.* A plague ſplit you, what do you make all this Noiſe for? oh, oh.

*Lau.* Pray, Sir *David*, humour the Gentleman, for I fancy he is a little beſide himſelf.

Sir *Dav.* Humour the Devil! Hell and Furies! This muſt be ſome Rogue——Here, where are you Raſcals?

*Enter Servants.*

*Faith.* Ay Scoundrels, where are you? Ye Dogs, what is the reaſon we can have no Attendance? [*Strikes one of them.* Fetch us a Bottle of Claret, Sirrah, and bring us word what we can have to Eat——

Sir *Dav.* Bring a Bottle of Claret! bring a Halter——What do you ſtrike my Servants for? ha, Sir.

*Faith.* Your Servants, Sir! They are my Servants, as long as I pay for what I call for——Ho! I find you are the Landlord of this well-govern'd Inn——Make your People more tractable, de you hear, Sir? Or I ſhall not only beat them, but you too——Death ye Villains, why don't you ſtir? [*Strikes another.*

*Lau.* What will be the end of this? All my Comfort lies in his Aſſurance——

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, let him ſtir if he dares——Get out of my Houſe, Sirrah, or I'll lay you by the Heels; don't put your Shams upon us——Don't Bully here; I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach——But I find you are a Rogue, and either deſign'd to Rob my Houſe, or

Raviſh

Raviſh this Lady——Fetch me a Conſtable quickly, the Devil! I'll Box with you, if you're for Boxing——Get into that Room *Laura*, I'll deal with him I warrant ye. [*Puts* Laura *in.*

*Lau.* Oh unfortunate! How ſhall I ever ſee him again? [*Exit.*

*Faith.* I'll be here about an Hour hence before this Door. [*To* Lucy.

*Lu.* Ay! But to what purpoſe?

Sir *Dav.* I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach.

*Faith.* Wounded, Sir! why ſo I am, and my Wounds bleed afreſh with Vexation——Was it your Coach! I find I was miſtaken then, you are not my Landlord; I ask your pardon, Sir.

*Enter* Manage, *running.*

Sir *Dav.* Rot your Pardon——How now, who the Devil are you, Sir?

*Man.* I am this Gentleman's Servant——Bleſs me, Sir, what do you do here? Why Sir *John* and Mr. *Lovely* has been ſearching all the Town for you; they brought a Surgeon to the *Talbot*, and not finding you there, nor no where elſe, ſent me to aſk this Gentleman's Coachman where he drove you to, and ſwear if you be not found preſently, they'll Indict the Coachman for your Murther.

Sir *Dav.* I wou'd you were all Hang'd for Company; why what a Plaguy Miſtake was here?——

*Faith.* Ha! a lucky Hint——Bleſs me, Sir, I am under the greateſt Confuſion imaginable; can you forgive me, Sir? Upon my Honour, I thought I had been in my Inn; I aſk a thouſand Pardons, pray excuſe me to the Lady.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Sir, never trouble your Head about the Lady.

*Faith.* Why Sir? I'm a Gentleman.

Sir *Dav.* A Gentleman Sir! And what then Sir?

*Faith.* And am Maſter of an Eſtate to ſupport that Character Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, was ever Man ſo plagu'd, to have his Servants kick'd about like Foot-balls, his Houſe thunder'd about his Ears like a common Inn, then to be told impudently, I'm a Gentleman, and have an Eſtate to ſupport that Character?

*Faith.* I ask your pardon agen Sir, for the unlucky Accident, in miſtaking your Houſe, but cannot apprehend what Crime I have committed in my Apology.

Sir *Dav.* Sir, without any manner of Apology, I wou'd be very proud to wait on you down Stairs.

*Faith.* By no means, Sir——I muſt not permit that.

Sir *Dav.* Death and the Devil, be gon without it, then.

*Faith.* That I will Sir; but intreat the favour of ſeeing the Lady firſt; upon Honour I was never ſo concern'd in my Life: I wou'd not for Five hundred Pound quit the Houſe, till I have convinc'd her of my Error, and made my Acknowledgment upon my Knees.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, here's the Devil to do about her——— Which way ſhall I get rid of him?

*Faith.* Pray Mrs. inform the Lady of my Reſolution.

[*To* Lucy.

Sir *Dav.* Hark yee Huſwife, ſtir out of this place, and I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

*Faith.* Why then I muſt be guilty of a ſecond Rudeneſs to acquit my ſelf of the firſt, I think that's the Room the Lady went into, Sir.

[*Going towards the Door.*

Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, hold, Sir; where the Devil are you going——Zounds, advance one Step farther, and I'll indict you for a Robbery.

*Faith.* Well, ſince you are ſo poſitive, Sir, I will be gon; but pray Sir, is that Lady your Grand-daughter, Daughter, Neice, Couſin, or, or———

Sir *Dav.* 'Tis my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife Sir, do you hear that and tremble.

*Faith.* Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your pardon with all my Heart and Soul——Your moſt Obedient, humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* The Devil go with you.

*Man. To* Lucy.] My Maſter has not a Souſe of Money, elſe you wou'd not want your Fee. We were Robb'd coming down.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Zounds Sir, What do you loyter here for? Why don't you get after your Maſter. Go, troop. [*Turns him out.*

Sir *Dav.* What do you ſauntring here, get in to your Miſtreſs! What do's your Chops water at the ſight of a Man, ha?

*Lu.*

*Lit.* I'm ſure you are the worſt Sight I cou'd have ſeen at preſent. [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* I don't underſtand this Miſtake tho'——He is a ſtrapping young Dog; I wiſh *Laura* had not ſeen him——But I'll go ſee if he is gone, leſt there ſhou'd be more Roguery at the bottom. [*Exit.*

*End of the Third Act.*

---

# ACT. IV.

*Enter on one ſide* Faithful *and* Manage, *the other* Conſtant *and* Clinch.

*Conſt.* *Faithful*, well met, I was going in ſearch of thee; my Affairs are ended, what Hopes of thine? Did the Project turn to thy Advantage?

*Faith.* It gave me entrance to the Charming Fair, who receiv'd me with equal Tranſport; but juſt as ſhe conſented to come away with me, the old Fox return'd——A Curſe of his Diligence——

*Man.* I came timely to my Maſter's Reſcue, Sir; and when his Pockets are repleniſh'd, I hope he'll own it.

*Faith.* That I will, *Manage*.

*Conſt.* 'Tis now in my Power to lend thee Twenty Pieces, Friend ——There they are—— [*Gives Money.*

*Faith.* I thankfully accept them; and next the finiſhing my own Wiſhes, I am pleas'd thou haſt gain'd thine; but after what Method to purſue mine, Heaven knows: I told *Lucy* I wou'd be about the Door in an Hour, but I know not if 'twill be in *Laura*'s power to get out, or what can diſguiſe me, Sir *David* will certainly know me again, if he ſees me——The Time is well nigh expir'd,

*Man.* I have a Thought——Cou'd you procure my Maſter a Red, or Blue Coat, in this Town, think you, Sir?

*Conſt.* I have my Regimental Surtout I rid down in, you know.

*Man.* Right, that will do; I told him I ſerv'd an Officer, I warrant we'll paſs upon him——Come, ſtrip *Clinch*, ſtrip; give me my Cloaths again—— [*Strips and Changes with* Clinch *again.*] But 'tis neceſſary, Sir, that you change your Wigg too.

*Conſt.* And what if you put a Patch croſs your Cheek, like a Scar?

*Faith.* With all my Heart——I muſt, and will redeem her, or cut his Throat.

*Conſt.* Nay, Twenty thouſand Pound gives an edge to Invention.

*Clin.* So now I am in *Statu quo.*

*Faith.* Were ſhe not Miſtreſs of a Groat, I ſhou'd prefer her before the moſt celebrated Beauty in the Kingdom; our infant Years firſt ſowed the Seeds of Love, which as we grew, ripen'd to a perfect Paſſion; her Parents dying, left her to the Care of mine; oh in what Pleaſure have we paſt the Day, and quarrell'd with the Night that call'd us from each other. Whilſt I made the Campaign with you, Captain, my Father died! Oh fatal Thought, her Friends remov'd her to this Sir *David Watchum's*, 'tis twelve Months ſince, during which time, till now, I never cou'd find means to ſee or hear from her.

*Conſt.* I know the Story perfectly well, and wiſh thou may'ſt ſucceed with all my Soul; but I find he is upon his Guard——

*Faith.* If he cou'd ſummon Hell to guard her, I will by Policy or Force releaſe her.

*Man.* Why then, pray reſolve upon which immediately; ſhall we lay open Siege or Blockade his Citradel. The Head muſt always work before the Hands——Now 'tis neceſſary, e're we attempt, to know the weakeſt and ſtrongeſt Parts; then we open our Trenches and Cannonade the Place, ruin their Ramparts, make a Breach, and then give the Aſſault, take the old Rogue by the Throat, plunder his Caſtle, and carry off the Booty——Which is the Lady, Sir.——

*Conſt.* Ha, ha, ha, *Manage* talks like a Soldier.

*Faith.* Ah, if we cou'd do that, *Manage!* I have good Intereſt in the Town——And they have notice of my Coming——

*Man.* So much the better; the more Friends we have in the Garriſon, the ſooner we ſhall become Maſters of it——Well, as I am chief Engineer, and half the Artillery, I muſt ſurvey the Ground to find the moſt convenient Place to raiſe my Battery. But away, away, Sir, and diſguiſe your ſelf; the Drum beats—leave the reſt to Fortune, ſhe cannot always run againſt us——I have known the Sun riſe upon a private Centinel, who before his Setting was a Captain of Foot——Nothing like Diligence and Courage to nick the fickle Jade.

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* Come, thou ſhalt be dreſs'd in a Moment [*Ex. cum.*

SCENE, *The Out-ſide of Sir* David's *Houſe*; *Sir* David *in the Garden before his Door.*

Sir *Dav.* I remember a Saying of a certain Philoſopher, That nothing is harder to keep than a Secret; but I think 'tis ten times harder to keep a handſome Woman——I am ſtrangely affected with this laſt Accident; and then the t'other Rogue that was here in the Morning, that ſerves an Officer——A pox on theſe Officers——for they have more Stratagems in their Heads, than all the Kingdom beſides. But I have order'd the Smith to Barricade my Windows, from the Cellar to the Garret; he'll be here immediately, but *Laura* muſt not ſee him——Poor [illegible], ſhe's terribly frighted at my Dog of a Coachman's Miſtake; I have invited her into the Garden, here ſhe and her Maid comes.

*Enter* Laura *and* Lucy.

*Lau.* What favourable Devil, *Lucy*, has procur'd us this Liberty? It happens as I wou'd have it, if *Faithful* be but here now!

*Lucy.* I'm amaz'd——For 'tis the firſt freſh open Air you have breath'd theſe twelve Months, Madam. But ſuppoſe Mr. *Faithful* ſhou'd be here! Yonder's the old *Argus*, he reſolves to watch you I ſee.

*Lau.* Nay then!

Sir *Dav.* Well Madam, How do you after your Fright? I ſent for you into the Garden, to take the Air——The Air is good after a Fright——

*Lau.* Ay, if one cou'd change the Place too, Sir *David*; but the Air of my Chamber and this is much the ſame——But let me be where I will, if you are there, I find no Difference in the Air——I know not what ails me, but when I ſee you, I ſigh as often as I draw Breath.

Sir *Dav.* Ha! ſhe loves me! Oh happy *David*——Indeed, Madam! And are thoſe Sighs pleaſant or painful, pray?

*Lau.* Oh very painful, Sir——

Sir *Dav.* Then you muſt have a Huſband to cure thoſe Sighs, Child.

Faithful *and* Manage *appear between the Scenes.*

*Faith.* She's here! Oh the charming Maid——but that old Monſter is with her.

Sir *Dav.* What think you of a married Life, *Laura*?

*Lau.* Of nothing better——I might diſſemble like many of my Sex; exclaim againſt Marriage and Mankind; profeſs to dye in a Cloyſter, or a Maid at large———Maſk my real Inclinations, fain Indifference to Love, and place all my Happineſs in my own Sex———But I have a Heart too ſincere; and therefore frankly own, that the utmoſt of my Ambition is to be a Wife.

*Faith.* To me ſhe means——Oh how ſhall I deliver her!

*Lucy.* Well ſaid, Madam; why ſhou'd a Lady loſe the prime of her youth, when ſhe may do ſo much good in her Generation; I reſolve to follow your Example to a hair.

Sir *Dav.* Good Wits jump———I reſolve to marry too; I have every day freſh Offers, very advantagious Offers, but my Heart is prepoſſeſs'd, dear *Laura*, for I will own it now, I love you exceedingly.

*Lucy.* So, now 'tis out.

Sir *Dav.* More, if poſſible, than you love me.

*Lau.* That's very poſſible, truly.

*Faith.* Love her! Oh the rank old Goat; Death! that Confeſſion has made me looſe all Patience.

*Man.* Hold, hold, Sir, pray be content a little.

Sir *Dav.* Come, don't bluſh, *Laura*; thy Sighs betray'd thy Love, but I'm diſcreet.

*Faith.* Now do I long to tell him he lies in his Throat.

*Man.* 'Egad, Sir, you had better loſe your longing at this time.

*Lau.* What do you ſay, Sir——that I love you! your Opinion is ſmall proof of your Diſcretion.

Sir *Dav.* Why ſo, Child?

*Lau.* Becauſe you never was more miſtaken in your Life; for inſtead of loving you, I hate you mortally.

*Faith.* Oh bleſſed Sound!

Sir *Dav.* Really! but why ſo, prithee?

*Lau.* Nay, you love without Reaſon; and perhaps I hate by the ſame Rule.

*Lucy.* Well, Sir, if her declaration be not ſo kind as you wou'd have it, it is not the leſs ſincere.

Sir *Dav.* Is it not, Gilflirt, after what I have done for her?

*Lau.* Yes, you have done for me, I thank you, Sir.

*Lucy.* Nay, pray be not angry, but ſtate the Caſe right.

*Lau.* If Love has render'd me charming in your Eyes, conſider how he has drawn you in mine.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* She's amiable, you ugly——She's gay, you morose——She's Generous—you a Miſer—She's ſixteen—You ſixty—She has the fineſt Teeth in the World——You but one in your Head, and that ſhakes, and the firſt Fit of Coughing, good by to it.

*Man.* A Deviliſh Wench——She has drawn him to a Hair.

*Lau.* Mark *Lucy*'s Deſcription, and then tell me if theſe be not irreſiſtible Charms, for one of my Age and Conſtitution.

*Lucy.* What Woman do you think, Sir, on this ſide fourſcore, wou'd have ſuch a Bedfellow?

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall, Miſtreſs, or ſhe ſhall have no body, mark that; and your Witticiſms, Mrs. *Frippery*, ſhall get you nothing—How now! who do you want? [Faithful *and* Manage *come forward.*

*Lau.* My dear *Faithful!* I know him in all Diſguiſes; how ſhall I forbear running into his Arms?

*Lucy.* Have a care, Madam, if you diſcover you know him, you'll never ſee him more; *Manage* has ſome Plot in his Head, by his winking.

Sir *Dav.* What is it you look at, Sir! why don't you ſpeak?

*Man.* Be calm, Sir, and take no notice of the Lady.

*Faith.* I was ſo charm'd with the fineneſs of the Proſpect in that Moment you ſpoke, Sir, I was not maſter of my Tongue.

Sir *Dav.* And now you are Maſter of it, Sir, what have you to ſay?

*Faith.* Nothing, Sir; only having the misfortune to break my Chariot—I took a walk this way, till it is put in order again; and coming by this Houſe, my Man told me that you entertain'd ſome hard thoughts of him, from ſome diſcourſe that paſs'd between you to day——So I preſum'd to call, to clear his Reputation.

Sir *Dav.* This is the Officer! A Rogue in red now; and the Simple-hunter with him—I don't like 'em—As for that, Sir, you need not give your ſelf any farther trouble, for I have nothing to do with his Reputation, nor yours neither.

*Faith.* I hope 'tis no offence to look about me a little; this Houſe is finely ſituated——'Tis the beſt Air I have breath'd this Twelvemonth.

Sir *Dav.* Pox o' your Compliment—That's your Miſtake, Sir; 'tis the worſt Air in the Univerſe—Let me adviſe you to get out of it as faſt as you can; for 'tis very fatal to Strangers.

*Lau.* He tells you truth, Sir, for ever ſince I breath'd this Air, I have neither eat, drank, or ſlept with Eaſe.

*Faith.* I am ſorry for that, Madam; but I find a quite contrary

effect; methinks I feel new Life, and I have a ſtrong hope to carry off the Health I wiſh.

Sir *Dav.* I wiſh, Sir, your Legs wou'd be pleas'd to carry off your Body.

*Faith.* Sir, I will not be troubleſome——but I deſire you wou'd give me leave to take a view of your Gardens; I have bought me a ſmall Seat in a Country Village, and I deſign to have a pretty Garden made.

Sir *Dav.* Ah! wou'd you were buried in the Garden——go, get in, Gentlewoman, go——he has no buſineſs with you, you don't belong to the Garden.

*Man.* [*To* Lucy.] Find ſome way to bring your Lady down again; do you hear? and let her pretend—— [*Whiſpers to* Lucy.

*Lucy.* Yes, yes, I hear; but how to put it in practice, I know not.

*Lau.* I am diſtracted! Oh Invention! where art thou? help me Brains, or ceaſe to think.

Sir *Dav.* What do you loiter for, ha? get in——

*Lucy.* Sir *David*, you uſe us like Slaves; ſend us in and out at pleaſure——Is my Lady a Perſon to be treated ſo by her Guardian? Theſe twelve Months we have not ſeen the ſhadow of any Hat but yours——I'm ſure nothing that's Male has reach'd our Eyes.

Sir *Dav.* Why how now, Mrs. Prate-apace; if you don't like your living, troop off. Go—There are more Servants to be had.

*Faith.* I ſhall certainly diſcover my ſelf, if he goes on at this Rate——Sir, I had rather quit this place immediately, than you ſhou'd incommode the Ladies.

*Lau.* Pray Sir *David*, mind your own Servants, you ſhall never have any power over mine. Sir, let me adviſe you to tarry till to morrow; 'tis dangerous travelling too late; let me intreat you ſtay in this Town till to morrow——What ſaid *Manage* to you *Lucy*?

*Lucy.* Ay, pray take my Lady's advice, Sir. You ſhall know within; take Courage, Madam.

Sir *Dav.* Zounds, get in, I believe you want to lie with him all Night, you are ſo concern'd for his ſtay.

*Lucy.* I hope ſome brave Man will attempt the reſcue of my Miſtreſs. [*He puſhes 'em in.*

*Faith.* My Heart ſwells at theſe Indignities, and I cou'd ſhake his deteſted rotten Soul, out of its wither'd ſapleſs Carcaſs.

*Man.*

*Man.* Be eaſie, Sir, Paſſion will do us no good—I have ſomething in my Head may hit, perhaps.

*Faith.* I am ſorry, Sir, I ſhou'd be the cauſe of your being angry with your Daughter.

Sir *Dav.* My Daughter!

*Faith.* I aſk your Pardon, Sir, may be 'tis your Wife.

Sir *Dav.* She ſhall be e'er long, Sir.

*Faith.* You ſhall be Worms meat firſt. [*Aſide.* I had better knock him down, and fetch her out this moment.

*Man.* And the next moment fetches you to Goal. Indeed, Sir, you had better keep your temper:——You have made a very excellent Choice, Sir, wou'd all Huſbands manage their Wives ſo, we ſhou'd not have ſo many Cocquets abroad.

Sir *Dav.* I don't deſign my Wife ſhall follow the way of the World.

*Man.* Second him, Sir, keep him in talk a little——

*Faith.* You do well, Sir, 'tis below a Man to let his Wife rule, and rattle where ſhe pleaſes; to viſit, and be viſited by half the Fops in the Nation; for my part, had I a Wife, I ſhou'd follow your Method.

Sir *Dav.* 'Egad, I believe I was miſtaken in this Gentleman. I wiſh, Sir, I had this Lecture read to ſome that blame me for my Conduct.

*Man.* If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll go into your Houſe, and write it down this moment; it ſhan't coſt you a Farthing, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* I'll not give you the trouble, Sir, I ſhall remember it.

*Enter* Lucy, *haſtily.*

*Lucy.* Oh! undone, undone; help, help; oh Sir *David!* what have you brought upon us?

Sir *Dav.* What the Devil do you bawl ſo for?

*Lucy.* Oh! the ſaddeſt Accident has befallen my poor Lady!——

*Faith.* Ha! her Lady, ſaid She?

*Man.* Peace, Sir, and mind the Plot—— [*Aſide to* Faithful.

Sir *Dav.* What accident, ha? You roar as ſhe had broke a Leg, or an Arm.

*Lucy.* Worſe, Sir, worſe, much worſe; She's mad, Sir——

Sir *Dav.* Mad!

*Lucy.* Ay, Diſtracted, Sir——When you thruſt us in, ſhe found the Smith barricading her Windows; aſſoon as ever ſhe laid her Eyes upon the Iron Bars; her looks grew wild; her ſudden

Starts and broken Speeches, convince me of her Brain being turn'd ——When before I was aware——She catch'd up an Iron Bar, and broke the Blacksmith's Pate; She beat her head against the Wall——runs, skips, sings, dances, stamps, raves, and throws all the things about the Room——I wou'd have shut her in, but she set up such a Roar, that I left the Door open, and fled for my Life.——Make the best of your Plot, *Manage*—— [*Aside.*

*Man.* Ay, ay, let me alone.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy on us! what shall I do?

*Lucy.* Here she comes, oh my poor Lady!——with your great Base Viol in her hand; oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Dav.* Oh the Devil! if she breaks my Base, I had rather lose five Pounds: Oh, oh, oh!

*Man.* Have Patience, Sir. I may be serviceable to you in this Affair, as little Opinion as you had of my skill to day.

*Enter* Laura, *with a Base and Papers; her Cloaths awkwardly hanging.*

*Lau.* *Give me Liberty and Love,*
*Give me Love and Liberty,*
*From an Iron Grate,*
*And the Man I hate,*
*Dear Fortune set me free.*

*Faith.* What design you by this, *Manage?*

*Man.* To put you in possession of your Mistress, before I have done, Sir, if you'll be quiet.

*Lau.* What, are you a Blacksmith? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Oh pox o' the Blacksmith, how she harps upon him!—

*Lau.* Ho! now I know you, you are a Singing-master.

Sir *Dav.* A Singing-master! good lack, good lack——

*Lau.* Here is a piece of Musick, which I have just now receiv'd from *London*; 'tis part of the last new Opera——there, there, there's a Part for you. [*gives Sir* David *a Paper.*] Ha! are not you the new Eunuch? Ay, 'tis he! here, here, here's your part. [*Gives* Faith. *a Letter.*

*Faith.* A Letter, Oh! for an opportunity to read it. [*draws off by degrees.*

*Lau.* *Give me Liberty and Love.*
*Give me Love and Liberty*—— Come, why don't you sing. [*To Sir* David. [*She beats time all this while, with her hand upon his head, and with her foot upon his toes.*

Sir *Dav.*

Sir *Dav.* Poor *Laura*, I can't ſing, Child——Zounds, Death and the Devil, ſhe has kill'd my Toe.

*Lau.* What, won't you ſing, I'll break the Fiddle then.

*Lucy.* Pray, Sir *David*, humour her.

*Man.* Let me adviſe you comply with her, Sir; ſhe's poſſeſs'd, and with a very miſchievous Dæmon.

*Lau.* Come, begin. *Give me Liberty and Love.*

Sir *Dav.* } *Give me Liberty and Love.* *They all ſing whilſt* Faithful *reads.*
*Lucy.* }
*Man.* }

*Faith.* [Reads] *Dear* Faithful, *find ſome way to deliver me, or what I now act in jeſt, will follow in earneſt; I have all my Jewels and Writings about me; for I have broke the old Man's Cloſet for them, and I'll find a way to get money preſently. Yours entirely,* Laura.

Yes, I will deliver thee, or dye for it. *Manage*, read that. [*Gives him the Letter.*

*Man.* Recommend me for a white Witch to Sir *David*, let me alone for the reſt.

*Faith.* Poor Lady! I am extremely concern'd for her, Sir; pray conſult my Servant about her Diſtemper; in my Opinion ſhe's bewitch'd.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt ſo too, Sir; has he really ſkill in theſe matters?

*Faith.* No Man in the Kingdom more, I aſſure you, he has cur'd ſeveral to my Knowledge, both in *Spain* and *Flanders*.

*Lau.* Why do you look at me ſo? Did you never ſee an old Woman before? I'd have you to know, Miſtreſs, I have been as handſome as you——but Age alters every body——I have been the Mother of ſixteen Children——all Boys——Heark ye, let me council you——don't marry an old Fellow.

*Lucy.* No, why ſo pray?

*Lau.* Becauſe your Youth will renew his Age——and you'll be plagu'd with him to eternity—I married an old fuſty Guardian, becauſe I cou'd not get out of his hands; which is the reaſon why you ſee ſo many Wrinkles in my Face, ha, ha, ha. In my conſcience there he ſtands—What, can I go no where, but you muſt follow me—ye old cripling Cuckold you——Look ye how angry he is now at being call'd Cuckold——Yet he wou'd marry a young Wife—ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy upon us! how does ſuch things come in her head?

*Faith.* The Wildneſs of her Fancy——

*Enter* Manage.

*Man.* I'll do your buſineſs for you, Sir; I have conſulted the Stars, and find ſhe is bewitch'd by an old Woman.

Sir *Dav.* By an old Woman! Ay indeed ſhe talks of an old Woman.

*Man.* It is a very troubleſome Spirit that is in her, and muſt be charm'd out into another, or ſhe can't be cur'd ——Tell me, Sir, can you procure any body for that purpoſe?

Sir *Dav.* Here's her Maid, won't ſhe do?

*Lucy.* What! Do you think I'd have the Devil put into me, Sir, I aſk you pardon for that.

*Lau.* Hark! There's my Drum beating up for Volunteers—— What ſay you my Lads, are you for the Wars? Her Majeſty has honour'd me with a Collonel's Commiſſion; I'm juſt now raiſing my Regiment——you ſhall all ſerve under me. Come——hold, now I think on't, I want a hundred Guineas to raiſe Men with—Hark ye, won't you lend me a hundred Guineas? [*To Sir* David.

Sir *Dav.* Lack a day, it makes me weep, to ſee how many ſorts of Madneſſes poſſeſs her.

*Man.* A good thought for ſome Money——Humour her, Sir, whatever ſhe aſks for, let her have.

*Lau.* Lend me a hundred Guineas, I ſay, or my Soldiers ſhall batter your Houſe about your Ears.

*Lucy.* For Heavens ſake, Sir, give 'em her, you'll have them again ſafe.

*Faith.* I wou'd adviſe you to let her have 'em, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Well, be ſure you take care of them; there, there is threeſcore in that Purſe, you may tell her there is a hundred; but take care I have them again. [*To* Lucy.

*Man.* Ay, when we have nothing elſe to do with 'em. [*Aſide.*

*Lau.* Give it me——ſo, now my Boys will you ſerve the Queen?

*Man.* Ay, with all my heart, under you, Sir.

*Lau.* There then, there's Gold for you, Sirrah; [*gives him a Guinea.* and what ſay you, you are a handſome proper Fellow, ſix foot high ——I'll make you Serjeant of the Grenadiers——What ſay you, will you ſerve under me?

*Man.* Humph! He wou'd rather ſerve her another way, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

*Faith.* And know no Joy beyond it; ſerve ye!——by Heaven, that

that I will, with my Life; command me, Collonel, I'll follow you through all Difficulties and Danger; and die by your ſide, or bring you off ſafe.

*Lau.* Then there's Money, my Hero, to forward our Deſigns. [*Gives him the Purſe.*

Sir *Dav.* Hold, hold, *Laura*, you muſt not give away your Money; *Lucy* take care on't. I hope, Sir, you'll return the Money.

*Faith.* Certainly, Sir.

*Lucy.* I'll ſee to that, Sir.

*Lau.* Return the Money, to whom? They are my Soldiers, and the Money mine——I borrow'd it of the moſt confounded old Rogue in *Peterborough*; tell him I ſay ſo———but you look like an honeſt Man, I'll make you a Corporal———Come, let me ſee you exerciſe, Serjeant.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord!

*Lau.* Serjeant take heed; to the right and left by half Flanks——form Files upon the Flanks of the Battalion———March——ha, ha, you are curſed dull, Serjeant———

*Faith.* I am a little aukward at firſt, Collonel, but I ſhall learn.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh! [*Stamps.*

*Lau.* Well, well, I'll teach you then—— Silence, Join your right hand to your Firelock——— Cock your Firelock——— Preſent; Fire———Excellent.

*Give me Liberty and Love,*
*Give me Love and Liberty.* [*Sings.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh ſad, oh ſad! what ſhall I do? Pray Sir deſire your Man to try his ſkill,

*Faith. Manage*, the Gentleman implores your Aid.

*Man.* I am ready, if he can find any body to make the Experiment; it muſt be a Man, Sir——will you endure it your ſelf?

Sir *Dav.* No, faith and troth not I!

*Faith.* Well, Sir, to do you and the Lady ſervice, I'll venture——but take care, *Manage*, that you bring the Devil out of me again———

*Man.* Yes, Sir, that I can eaſily; for he is not half ſo hard to get out of a Man, as he is out of a Woman.

Sir *Dav.* Good lack! what ſhou'd the reaſon of that be, I wonder! [*Aſide.*] Sir, I thank you heartily———a very worthy Gentleman this,——Well, what muſt I do, Sir?

*Man.* Stand ſtill, I charge you——And do you fetch us an eaſie Chair, Miſtreſs.—— [*to Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Yes, Sir. [*Ex.*

*Man.* Stay, I muſt limit your bounds; there Sir, you muſt not for your Life croſs this Circle.

Sir *Dav.* Well, Sir, I ſhall obſerve you.

*Enter* Lucy, *with a Chair.*

*Lucy.* Here, Sir.

*Man.* Very well; Pray, Madam, be pleas'd to ſit down.

*Lau.* Sit down! why is Dinner coming?———Ho, cry a Mercy! you are a Barber; hold, hold, you ſhall ſhave my Corporal firſt, to try your Razor.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, oh Lord! what ſhall I ſay to her?

*Man.* Keep your place, Sir——No, no, Sir, I am a Shoe-maker, and if I fit your Foot, and pleaſe you, I deſire your Honour wou'd let me have the buſineſs of your Regiment.

*Lau.* With all my heart.

*Man.* Then pray ſit down, Sir, that I may take meaſure. [*She ſits down.*] Now for you, Sir, you muſt kneel right before her—cloſer——cloſer yet; there, look full in her Eyes——Claſp both her Hands in yours. [Manage *pulls a Book out of his pocket, and looks on't.*

*Lau.* *Give me Liberty and Love,*
*Give me Love and Liberty.* [*Sings.*]

*Faith.* My Charming Angel, Oh let me kneel here for ever, for ever gaze on thoſe dear Eyes; how I have languiſh'd for thee, Heaven only knows.

*Lau.* And what I have born for thee, Hell cannot match; Oh, if *Manage* fail in his Plot, I'm undone for ever.

*Faith.* Fear not, my Love, he is lucky at Contrivance.

Sir *Dav.* What are they doing?

*Man.* Alpha, Beta, Gama, Delta.

Sir *Dav.* Bleſs me, what are thoſe the Names of the Spirits?

*Man.* Philo ſe en paſias, gloſſais, kai en to panti poto, kai en to panti topo——Now do you be well, Madam; and do you ſeem to be Mad, Sir, quick, quick———

Sir *Dav.* Why what a many Devils there are! certainly ſhe has a Legion in her.

*Lau.* Where am I, *Lucy?* Methinks I wake from ſome untoward Dream.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* She recovers, Sir. How do you, Madam?

Sir *Dav.* I'm glad on't. How doſt thou do, *Laura?*

*Laura.* Pretty well.

*Man.* Death, Sir, keep your Place, or you'll ſpoil all.

*Faith.* Ha! my Brain-pan ſplits——I'm all aflame, my Blood boils o'er, give me room, I'll ſcale the Region of the Air, and pull the Winds down headlong on us all.

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, he's ſtark Mad; What ſhall we do with him now?

*Man.* We ſhall do well enough with him; but keep your Place, for he's very Deſperate.

*Lau.* Defend me Heaven, what ails the Gentleman?

*Lucy.* He'll kill us all; the Man's bewitch'd.

*Man.* Here, here, Ladies ſtand in this Circle, and don't croſs it for your Lives. [*Sets 'em in a Circle.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh pray Sir, read again——

*Faith,* What's here, old *Belzebub*! No, 'tis his Squib and Cracker; I'll ſet fire to it and blow it up——Ho, lo, where are you Scoundrels, Dogs, Rogues, Cooks, the Devil wants his Dinner, and you muſt ſpit this Swine, Hell dines on Hog's Fleſh to Day. [*Draws his Sword.*

*Man.* Undone, undone; the Spirit grows too ſtrong for my Art! fly, fly, Sir, for Life——

Sir *Dav.* Oh, oh, oh, ſave me, ſave me. [*Runs in and ſhuts the Door.*

*Man.* Now, now, make your Eſcape; he has ſlap'd the Door after him——Quick, quick——

*Faith.* My Life, my Soul! [*Embrace.*

*Lau.* My Angel, my All.

*Man.* Oh the Devil! Don't ſtand Lifeing and Dearing now, but make haſte to Mr. *Truſty's*, I'll bring the Parſon after you.

*Lucy.* Ay, good Madam, be quick.

*Lau.* Any where, good *Manage.*

*Faith.* Fly *Manage*, and bring *Lovely* with thee too, to be Witneſs of my good Fortune, this Hour makes thee mine for ever:

*Now in thy Arms immortal Joys I'll taſte,*
*And quite forget our anxious Sorrows paſt.*

Lu. *Now Heav'n be prais'd, we've Liberty at laſt.* [*Exeunt.*

*Sir Davis above.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh, I'm Robb'd, Raviſh'd, Dead and Buried——My Cloſet is broke open, and all my Writings gone; Mr. *Compare*, Mr.

Mr. *Conjurer*, can you help me to the Thief? Ha! no Body to be seen! Bleſs me——*Lucy*——*Laura*, why *Laura*? Ah Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves. [*Crys out till he comes down.*

*Enter Sir* David.

Here, where are all my Servants? [*Enter Servants.*] Run ſome one way, ſome another; make enquiry thro' the whole Town for Mrs. *Laura*; ſhe is carry'd away by two Rogues or Devils, I know not which, run, run——

*Serv.* Why if the Devil has carry'd her away, Sir, where can we run?

Sir *Dav.* To Hell, ye Dog, do you ſtand to prate?——

[*Beats him.*

*Serv.* Marry look her there your ſelf an you will—— [*Exit.*

Sir *Dav.* Oh that I ſhou'd believe theſe Conjuring, Soldiering Raſcals; but I'll find 'em, if they are above ground; and if they are mortal, I'll hang 'em, that's my Comfort. [*Exit.*

*End of the Fourth Act.*

---

# ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street before Mr.* Truſty's *Door*; Roger *comes out of the Houſe with a Pitch-fork on his Shoulder, and a Lantern in his Hand.*

*Rog.* IT will be very dark e'er I get home——Od, I'm main Merry, Maſter *Truſty* keeps rare Nappy Ale, and *Dick* the Butler is an honeſt Fellow; Lord, Sirs, how bravely theſe Gentlefolk live——Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm perſuaded, I was deſign'd for a Gentleman, but was ſpoil'd in the making; nay, nay, I was made well enough too, that's the Truth on't; but 'tis that Damn'd Jade *Fortune* that has ſpoil'd me; for an I had an Eſtate now, I know how to live like a Gentleman——I cou'd ſcorn the Poor, and ſcrew up my Tenants, and wou'd ſooner give Ten Pound to a Wench, than Two Pence for Charity; I cou'd quickly turn——My Cart into a Coach, and my Man *Plod* into a Coachman——I cou'd hurry into the Tradeſmen's Books——Wear fine Cloaths, and never pay for them——Lie with their Wives, and make my Footmen beat their Huſbands, when they come to aſk me for Money. Get drunk with Lords, and break the

Watch-

Watchmen's Heads——Scour the Streets, and ſleep in a Bawdy-houſe——Sell my Lands, and pay no Debts——Get a Charge of Baſtards for the Pariſh to maintain——Then, by the help of a Commiſſion, Tranſport my ſelf out of their Reach——

*Enter Sir* Jeffry Conſtant, *in Riding Habit.*

Sir *Jeff.* Do you hear, Friend?

*Rog.* Mehap I do——And mehap I do not; What then, Sir?

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, the Matter's not great——Do you live at that Houſe?

*Rog.* I did a little while ago——When I was in the Cellar.

Sir *Jeff.* A Comical Fellow. Then you don't ſerve Mr. *Truſty?*

*Rog.* No, Sir, I ſerve his Maſter, tho' as moſt Farmers do their Landlords.

Sir *Jeff.* I underſtand you: You Rent one of the Knight's Farms?

*Rog.* Ay, and a Plaguy Dear one too——

Sir *Jeff.* Say you ſo! That's pity; I'll ſpeak a good Word for thee——Is Mr. *Truſty* at home?

*Rog.* I thank you heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. [*Runs to the Door and knocks.* Truſty *opens the Door and ſcolds out, and throws it to again.*] Wookers, what's the Matter now?

Sir *Jeff.* Was not that Mr. *Truſty?*

*Rog.* Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

*Clin. Within.*] Oh undone, undone; [Clinch *peeps out as affrighted.*] here's my old Maſter.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that?

*Rog.* Nay, I heard a Noiſe, but can't tell what they ſaid——But on you pleaſe to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the Back-way.

Sir *Jeff.* The Back-way——What can be the meaning of this? Why ſhou'd he ſtart at ſight of me? There muſt be ſomething more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honeſt Man. I never found any thing to the contrary. Prithee, Friend, knock again. [Roger *knocks, then liſtens.*

*Rog.* They are all aſleep, Sir——For I cannot ſo much as hear a Mouſe ſtir——

Sir *Jeff.* Aſleep! That's impoſſible——But come, Friend, ſhew me the Back-door you ſpoke of——

*Rog.* Ay, Sir: But upon ſecond Thoughts,——I muſt be a little wary too. Are not you ſome Rogue, that comes to rob the Houſe with

with half a dozen Piſtols about you? For look yee, I'm an honeſt Man, and won't be drawn in for a Halter.

Sir *Jeff.* You Raſcal, Do I look like a Thief?

*Rog.* Nay, nay, as for Looks——That's no matter, de yee ſee ——I have known many a Rogue with as good a Countenance—— No Diſparagement to your's, I promiſe you. So that I ſhall not ſtir one ſtep without you'll ſtand ſearch——

Sir *Jeff.* I ſhall break your Head, Sirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

*Rog.* And what muſt I be doing on the mean time,——Ha! old Gentleman?——Break my Head, quotha!——You are miſtaken——We don't uſe to take broken heads in our Country, mun——Ha, ha, I won't ſhew you the Back-door now, and how will you help your ſelf?——

Sir *Jeff.* I know all the Doors of this Houſe as well as you—— And can ſhew my ſelf in—— [*Going.*

*Rog.* Can you ſo——But I'll watch you——I wonder who this old Fellow is.

Sir *Jeff.* Sure ſome Madneſs has ſeiz'd the Family; for certainly I'm not chang'd——Without Diſpute, *Truſty* knows me; but I'll find the Cauſe preſently. [*Exit.*

*Rog.* And ſo will I—— [*Exit.*

*Enter out of the Houſe Captain* Conſtant, Lovely *and* Clinch.

*Clin.* So, Sir, here's Muſick to your Wedding, with a Witneſs. What do you intend to do now?——Do you think it poſſible to perſuade your Father too, that he died of an Apoplexy?

*Lov.* I fear, *Clinch*, that's beyond the Art of thy Impudence to do——

*Clin.* Nay, this Plot was none of my Impudence's contriving, that's my Comfort——I'm but a Servant; my Maſter told me, he was in Mourning for his Father——And faith I reſolve not to believe the Father to the contrary. Such an entire Deference have I for all your Commands, Sir.

*Conſt.* Why thou can'ſt not ſure have the Confidence to ſtand it out to his Face.

*Clin.* Never fear me, Sir——You don't know what I can do ——What ſay you, Sir? Shall we perſuade the old Gentleman into a Ghoſt; or will you own your Fault, and refund the Money?

*Conſt.* Neither, *Clinch*—I have more Duty, than to attempt the one; and more Neceſſity, than to ſubmit to the other—

*Clin.*

*Clin.* Nay, if you be ſo divided——What do you propoſe?

*Conſt.* I know not what to do——I'm glad the Ceremony was over, before he came.

*Lov.* And the Money ſent away——What think you of my Houſe, till the Heat of the Diſcovery be over? 'Tis my Opinion your Preſence won't be proper——I warrant Sir *David* will be in purſuit of Mrs. *Laura* preſently too——But we have ſeen her fairly Marry'd; ſo that *Faithful* is out of Danger; we'll leave him here——

*Conſt.* Shall I not take *Belinda* with us? I fear as much for her, as for my ſelf——

*Clin.* So there's no Body fears for me, I find—— [*Aſide.*
I am like to have my Part truly.

*Lov.* No, truſt to her Management——She turn'd the Act upon her Father, you know, and made him impoſe her own Choice upon her. Let *Clinch* ſtay and uſe his own Diſcretion——If he can banter Sir *Jeffry*, and ſave his Bones, let him: But be ſure to give us notice of all that paſſes.

*Clin.* What if my Bones are broke?——I thank you heartily for your Love, Sir.

*Conſt.* No, no, *Clinch*; take heed you keep out of the reach of his Cane.

*Clin.* Or he'll make me feel; he's Fleſh and Blood——Heark, I hear him coming, Good bye to you, Sir—— [*Runs in.*

*Lov.* 'Tis time for us to fly—— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dolly.

*Dolly.* Well, I'm glad my Lady's Marry'd; for if this old Spark had come three Hours ſooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd Two to Ten of the Match——I can't imagine where the Bridegroom's gone——Nor what he will do, when my Maſter comes to have a right Underſtanding; but I reſolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

*Enter* Truſty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my Wits; I went to ſerve my Lady's *Italian* Greyhound, and I found a great ſwinging Dog, as large as an Ox, with two great Eyes, as big as Buſhels; and before I cou'd call out,——Whip it was vaniſh'd——

*Truſty.* Mercy upon us——I was certainly Sir *Jeffry*,——

*Clinch.* [*Enter* Clinch.

*Clin.* Sir, did you call——

*Truſty.* Did not you ſay your old Maſter appear'd in the Shape of a Dog?

*Clin.*

*Clin.* Ay, Sir, ſeveral times.

*Dolly.* In a huge great Dog?

*Truſty.* As big as an Ox.

*Clin.* Ay, Sir, as big as an Elephant.

*Dolly.* Ah! then it was certainly him I ſaw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the Houſe be haunted, I muſt leave it. I cannot live in't, if I might have a Thouſand Pounds; and may be, he'll appear to no Body but me——I am ſure I never did him any harm; 'tis true, I did not love him, becauſe he was ſomething Stingey—— He never gave me a Farthing in his Life——

*Truſty.* Nay, for that matter, I have got many a fair Pound by him, and yet he appear'd to me to Day.

*Clin.* Indeed, Sir. In what Shape, pray?

*Dolly.* Like an Ox, or an Elephant.

*Truſty.* No, in his own Shape; but I wiſh I may never ſee him more, for I was horribly ſcar'd.

*Clin.* What had he a Cloven Foot, Sir, did you mind?

*Truſty.* Nay, for my part,—— I know not whether he had any Feet or no,——Ha! bleſs me, defend me,——Protect me——— Avoid, Satan——[*Retreating all this while.*] I never wrong'd that Form, which thou haſt ta'en; ſo tell him——And for my Money, I have accounted for that; and all Things are rectify'd——[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir* Jeffry, *amaz'd.*

*Dolly.* Oh! ſhield me ye Stars. [*runs in.*

*Clin.* O Legs! ſave me, ſave me. [*runs in.*

*Enter* Roger.

Sir *Jeff.* What? Am I become a Monſter! Do I affright all I come near? What can be the Reaſon of this? The Doors are all Barricaded; and when I knock, none will anſwer——Prithee, Friend, aſk ſome Body the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders?

*Rog.* No! Sir, I'll not budge a Foot; for I dan't know what to ſay to you. The Family were all well, and in their right Senſes, when I left them; and now upon Sight of you, they are all diſtracted, I think——I wiſh you be'n't a Conjurer, or heark ye, Sir,——Is not your Name *Emmes*——Rais'd by the *French* Prophets to Life again?

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil: This Fellow will make me Mad. This muſt be ſome Stratagem to abuſe me; and this Rogue is in their Intereſt. Why don't you go about your Buſineſs, Sirrah? What do you hanker after me for?

*Rog.* Nay——an you go to that, what do you lounge about this

this House for?——Oh! *Dolly*, are you there; here's an old Gentleman is quite out of Patience.

*Dolly. Trembling above.*] Oh, oh, oh, oh——

*Rog.* Hey day! What have you got the Palsy?

Sir *Jeff.* What ails you to tremble so, Sweetheart? Is Mr. *Trusty* within?

*Dolly.* I, I, I, I, I, o, o, o, o, *Roger*——Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care——Don't yo, yo, you come near him——Nor let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his Little Finger——

Sir *Jeff.* Bless me! What ails the Wench?

*Rog.* No, why what's the Matter? He has not the Plague about him, has he? Or is he a Spy from the King of *France*——Odan he be, I'll maul him——

*Dolly.* Oh, oh,——'tis a, a, Ghost.

*Rog.* The Devil it is—— [*Takes his Pitchfork off his Shoulder, and holds it out at Sir* Jeffry.

Sir *Jeff.* A Ghost, where?——Who——What's a Ghost? Death, what means she?

*Rog.* Od's flesh, my Hair stands an end. Look ye——Keep off Mr. *Belzebub*, or—or—

Sir *Jeff.* Look ye, Sweetheart, what Frenzy has possess'd you, I know not——But if you take me for a Ghost——You are deceiv'd. Therefore look well at me——Do I not appear like Flesh and Blood?

*Dolly.* Ay, bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, a, are not so, Sir——

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, will they persuade me out of my Life? See, Friend,——Do I walk like a Spirit? Do's the Dead move, and talk as I do?

*Rog.* When I am Dead,——If you ask me, I'll resolve you, if I can.

Sir *Jeff.* Why? Feel me, feel me——

*Rog.* Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me——Keep off, I say—Will ye——Or I'll stick your Ghostship thro' the Guts——

Sir *Jeff.* What shall I do——Nay, prithee, Friend.

*Rog.* Friend me no Friends——Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil, when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed when you are got into a Lawyer, or a handsome Woman, one may be trapan'd.

Sir *Jeff.* Why will you be so positive? Has any Body impos'd upon you?——Pray who told you I was dead?

*Dolly.* Those that knew very well, Sir

*Enter* Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the ſight of you any longer——Now let *Clinch* take his Part.

Sir *Jeff.* Go to be Hang'd——Hell and Furies!——Ha, what do I ſee——My Son's Man! Sirrah, Sirrah, what makes you here?——

*Clin.* Mercy upon me——

Sir *Jeff.* What do you ſtare at, Raſcal, ha?

*Clin.* But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I ſhou'd ſwear you are alive——

Sir *Jeff.* You believe I am dead, Rogue,——How dare you believe ſuch an impudent Lye?——Where's the Rake your Maſter? I find now who has rais'd this Report. Sirrah, what's your Buſineſs here?

*Clin.* To wait on my Maſter, Sir——

Sir *Jeff.* To wait on your Maſter——And where is your Maſter, pray?

*Clin.* Nay, for my part, Sir, I am not qualify'd to anſwer a Spirit——There's Mr. *Anthem*, the Afternoon Lecturer, within. He has juſt Marry'd Mr. *Faithful* to a great Heireſs which he brought in juſt now——*Roger* here may ſtep and call him out a little.

*Rog.* With all my Heart——If there be any thing that troubles his Mind, I'll go this Minute——

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah——I'll qualify you for an Hoſpital—I will ye Dog——

[*Runs after him.*

*Clin.* Oh, oh, oh

*Rog.* Well run, *Clinch*; Well run, Ghoſt!——Ad 'tis a Plaguy Malitious Spirit tho'.

*Clin.* Oh, oh, oh. [*Runs in.*

*Rog.* I'll venture to ſpeak to it once more—— In the Name of Goodneſs—What is it that diſturbs your Reſt? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honeſt Man, I'll do you Juſtice as far as Twenty Pounds a Year Free-Land, and all the Crops of my Farm goes——For I perceive you was my Landlord, whilſt you was Living; and tho' your Son ſeems to be a very honeſt Gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a Landlord——Then pray ſpeak, can I ſerve you?

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis in vain to be angry——I muſt ſeem to comply with this Fellow——Yes, Friend, it is in thy power to ſerve me; if thou can'ſt procure me the ſight of Mr. *Truſty*, 'tis with him my Buſineſs is.

*Rog.*

*Rog.* I'll do my beſt Endeavours, Sir—but keep your diſtance—[*He goes a little way, then turns back.*] But hearkye, Sir, ſuppoſe he won't come out, can't I tell him your Mind?

Sir *Jeff.* No, no; I muſt ſpeak with him my ſelf—Death!——

*Rog.* Good lack——what, perhaps—your Soul won't reſt elſe—

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven give me Patience!

*Rog.* [*Going, turns back.*] But after you have ſpoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this Houſe no more? That's the Queſtion, look ye!

Sir *Jeff.* A Pox of thy impertinent Interrogations; no——

*Rog.* That's enough!——but hold, muſt he come out, or ſpeak to you through the Window?

Sir *Jeff.* Any way, ſo I do but ſpeak to him——Oh, oh!——

*Rog.* Very well, very well. [*Going.*] But hearkye, Sir Ghoſt—you'll be here—or Mr. *Truſty* will be woundy angry with me.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh Patience, Patience! or I ſhall burſt. [*Aſide.* Ay, ay, I'll not ſtir.

*Rog.* Well, I'll take your word. [*Going.*] Hold, hold, one thing more, and I ha' done—Pray tell me the Nature of a Ghoſt—do you troubled Spirits fly in the Air, or ſwim in the Water, pray?

Sir *Jeff.* Oh! the Devil——

*Rog.* Mercy upon us! what, are you with the Devil, ſay you; Oh Heaven help you! Well then, are you ſure he will ſee you? for every body can't ſee a Ghoſt, they ſay, eſpecially if the Devil be in't.

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, I tell you, he'll ſee me as plain as you ſee me.

*Rog.* Nay, nay, that's plain enough—Well, I'll knock, but, but, but don't you come an Inch nearer me, I charge you [*Knocks.*

Sir *Jeff.* Would I had been a hundred Miles off, when I firſt ſaw thee. What has my graceleſs Son been doing!

*Dolly.* Who's there? [*Speaks within.*

*Rog.* 'Tis I, *Dolly*, prithee tell Maſter *Truſty* that he muſt ſpeak to this Ghoſt, or there's nothing to be done——

*Dolly.* I doubt he will not be perſuaded to it.

*Rog.* Why, let him ſpeak to it through the Window, or from the top of the Houſe——ſo he does but ſpeak to it; but in ſhort, it muſt be ſpoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded ſullen Spirit, and will tell its mind to nobody elſe——He ſmells curſedly of Brimſtone——Look ye, if Maſter will come out, it ſhan't hurt him——for I'll keep it off with my Fork, ſo tell him, *Dolly*.

*Dolly.* I'll inform him.

Truſty *opens the Window.*

*Rog.* So, I have done it you ſee——Here's Maſter *Truſty.*

Sir *Jeff.* I thank you. [*Going towards the Window.*

*Truſty.* I am not able to ſtand, if it comes near me——Why are you thus diſturb'd, Sir *Jeffrey?*——I aſſure you, your Son has done every thing very juſtly.

Sir *Jeff.* Why are you thus impos'd upon, Mr. *Truſty*, to believe I am dead?——My Son, quotha!——Oh that I had never got that Son—— [*Weeps.*

*Truſty.* I know not what to think; ſure 'tis no Ghoſt.

*Rog.* Well, this thing is the likeſt Fleſh and Blood, that ever I ſaw——

Sir *Jeff.* Pray do but touch me, Mr. *Truſty*,——'tis very odd, you will not be perſuaded to touch me. [*Puts out his hand towards the Window.*

*Rog.* Take heed, Mr. *Truſty.*

*Truſty.* Why ſhou'd I fear, I never wrong'd him——I'll venture; but firſt—— [*Holds up his hand as if he prayed*] now—ha! 'tis a real Hand,—He's living;—Sir, I am convinc'd.

*Rog.* Say you ſo——why then if you are alive, the Fright's over, and I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

*Truſty.* I aſk your pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd——groſly abus'd; Sir *Jeffrey* your Son came down in Mourning, and aſſur'd me you was dead.

Sir *Jeff.* I'll make him mourn for ſomething, I warrant him.

*Truſty.* Ah! that he does already, Sir, for I have paid him all the Rents in my hands.

Sir *Jeff.* Have you ſo?——'Tis the laſt Rents he ſhall ever take for any Land of mine——I'll diſinherit him this Day.

*Truſty.* Oh! undone, undone for ever——Oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps.*

*Rog.* Here's ſmall Mirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other Horn of Ale, and t'other Buſs of *Dolly*—[*Ex. into the Houſe.*

[Clinch, *Liſtening.*]

Sir *Jeff.* What has that Rogue's Extravagance coſt me? But if he ſtarves for the future, I care not; he never ſhall get a Groat from me.

*Clin.* Nay, then we may all go for Soldiers. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeff.* Where is he?

*Truſty.* Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is——I am wretched, he has made me miſerable, I'm ſure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Jeff.* No, Mr. *Trusty*; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the Jest of your Family; for you might have discover'd this Imposture with less precaution; yet I'll not take that advantage which the Laws allow. You have serv'd me long, and I believe you honest. I'll discharge you from what you have paid my undutiful Child——Let him take what he has got, and make the best on't.

*Clin.* That's something however. [*Aside.*

*Trusty.* You are generous, Sir *Jeffry*, even beyond my hopes: But Oh! there is yet a greater offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the Money——Alas! my Daughter——

Sir *Jeff.* What of her?

*Trusty.* Is married to your Son; Oh, oh, oh!

Sir *Jeff.* Then he is compleatly wretched——A Wife, and no Estate; ha, ha, ha; I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

*Clin.* There's a kind Father now——I must give my Master notice of his good Fortune. [*Exit.*

*Trusty.* Oh! say not so, Sir; be not glad of my Child's Ruin; had I known you liv'd, the Match had never been.

Sir *Jeff.* Go; You are not the Man I took you for——you are but a Knave. You ought to have been as just to my Heir, as to my self——What, was your Blood fit to be popt into my Estate? Ha! or have you been really a Steward, and cheated me out of a Fortune for your Daughter?

*Trusty.* Sir, what I am Master off, I got fairly under you, part, and part under my Lord *Belville* in *Ireland*, whom I serv'd twenty Years in the same Post I do you; when he died, he trusted me with a Secret, which yet I have divulged to no Man; and when I do, the World will say I am an honest Man. Love first join'd their Hearts, and my Ignorance their Hands; use me as you please, but pardon them.

*Enter* Lovely, *&c.*

*Lov.* I must become an Intercessor in that too, Sir *Jeffrey*; Love is the great Cementer of the Marriage State; it reconciles all Differences——it bends the Stubborn——and it tames the Bold, it wins the Haughty, softens the Savage, and reclaims the Libertine; then will you cast off your Son for a Vertue, you ought rather to prize him for?

Sir *Jeff.* That Love can never be a Vertue, Mr. *Lovely*, that teaches a Child to trick his Parents.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Stratagems ever were allow'd of in Love and War; Sir, you muſt forgive him.

*Enter Captain* Conſtant, Belinda and Maria.

*Mar.* And I muſt ſecond Mr. *Lovely*, Sir, the Captain has married a virtuous Woman, and I believe you'll confeſs a handſome one too.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I have nothing to ſay againſt her Virtue, nor her Beauty neither; ſhe's a pretty Woman, that's the truth on't; if ſhe had married any Body's Son but mine, I ſhou'd have wiſh'd her Joy with all my heart——Oh thou graceleſs Wretch, get out of my ſight.

*Conſt.* [*Kneeling*]. I confeſs, Sir, I am unworthy of your Mercy, but throw my ſelf wholly upon your good Nature and fatherly Affection, with this Reſolution, never to attempt ought againſt your Pleaſure more.

Sir *Jeff.* No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, ſhall either pleaſe, or diſpleaſe me; mark that.

*Bel.* Give us but your Bleſſing, Sir, and we ſhall never quarrel with Fortune for her Favours, Love ſhall ſupply that defect; my chief Concern ſhall be to ſhew my Duty, and by my Care to pleaſe you, prove the entire Affection I have for your Son; and that way make up the inequality of my Birth and Fortune.

Sir *Jeff.* You ſhall never make up any thing with me, I promiſe you, Madam, whilſt he is your Father—Death, marry my Slave?

*Truſty.* The name of Slave belongs not to us free-born People, Sir *Jeffrey*; but were I your Slave, ſhe is not; for ſince the truth muſt out, ſhe is no Child of mine, but Daughter to my Lord *Belville*; which I have brought up ever ſince ſhe was three days old; her Mother dying in her Labour, and her Marriage being private, becauſe ſhe was much below my Lord's Quality; and He at that time under the tuition of a Father; He never made it publick, but put her into my hands to breed up as my own; when he came to his Eſtate, he purchas'd a thouſand Pounds a Year, and ſettled it on her; which I have manag'd ever ſince, and now will deliver it up to Captain *Conſtant*. This I had told in the Infancy of their Loves; but that I ſaw your Son was not well with you, and did not then think him a Match good enough for her; but ſince he has over reach'd me, I hope you'll prove a Father.

Sir *Jeff.* Is it poſſible! Od, Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Soul, Faith I do; and if this is matter of Fact, you ſhall find me a Father, *Jack*: You ſhall go to *Flanders* no more.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Dear *Confirm*, I congratulate thy good Fortune ——

*Mar.* And I yours, Madam; since I no more must call you Cousin.

*Bel.* Still let me hold that Name; for since I never knew my Father, I shall acknowledge this good Man as such.

*Mar.* Sir *Jeffry*, I was positive you would not repent.

Sir *Jeff.* You that are so positive in these matters; why don't you and Mr. *Lovely* strike up a Bargain? he has follow'd you a considerable time.

*Lov.* That Question is A propos, Sir *Jeffry*; What can you say, Madam? must I dangle after you two or three Years longer? Faith, I wish I hold out.

*Trusty.* Give him thy hand, Girl; I'll engage to reconcile thy Father, or give thee a Portion.

Sir *Jeff.* Why what Objections can be made against Mr. *Lovely*?

*Trusty.* Only Principles! Her Father's a violent Tory, and this honest Gentleman's a Whigg, that's all.

Sir *Jeff.* Ha, ha, a strong Reason, faith.

*Trusty.* I'll bring him over, I warrant thee, Girl.

*Mar.* Upon that Condition, there's my hand.

*Lov.* And here's my Heart. [*Embrace.*

Sir *Jeff.* Why that's well said—we only want the Man in Black now.

*Enter* Faithful, Laura, Lucy *and* Menage.

*Faith.* We have just done with ours; he's within still.

*Trusty.* Dear Mr. *Faithful*, I wish thee joy with all my heart, and you, Madam.

*Om.* We all do the same.

*Faith.* I thank you all, and heartily return the same to each of you; I wou'd have the whole Race of Mankind blest, now I am so.

*Lau.* There cannot be a Joy beyond what I am possess'd of.

*Bel.* I hope, Madam, we shall be better acquainted for the future.

*Lau.* I shall be very ambitious of the Honour.

*Enter Sir David.*

Sir *Dav.* Ho! have I found you, Villains, I charge you all in the Queen's Name, to assist me in securing this Company.

*Trusty.* Why faith, Sir *David*, they are secure enough, for they are lawfully link'd in the Chains of Matrimony, I'm Witness.

Sir *Dav.* Marry?

*Mar.* Yes, Sir, I'm proud to own it.

*Lucy.* So will I too, Sir *David*.

*Lau.* And with my own Consent, I assure you—You may barricade your Windows now, Sir *David*, I shall run mad no more; Ha, ha, ha.

*Faith.* I shall trouble your House no more, Sir, I am dispossess'd, Sir *David*, you need not run from me now; ha, ha, ha.

*Const.* And he will know his Inn for the future, Sir, ha, ha.

*Faith.* And am perfectly recover'd of my Wound, Sir; and shall have no occasion to borrow your Coach again; without you'll do me the favour to let it carry my Wife to *London*.

Sir *Dav.* Carry her to Hell——Here's a shuffling cutting Rascal in all his Tropes and Figures: Zounds, how I am trick'd; But you have robb'd me, Mistress.

*Lau.* Of nothing but my Writings, Sir, mark that.

Sir *Dav.* The Law shall tell you that; and so, may the itch of Variety seize you, and the Curse of Cuckoldom fall on him, Arrests and Poverty on you all. [*Ex.*

*Trusty.* Ha, ha, ha; now *Lovely*, for the Parson.

*Enter 'Squire* Num *and* Slouch.

*Num.* Hold! I forbid the Banes; you shan't have her, mun, for all you are so Cocksure.

Sir *Jeff.* What Banes do you forbid, Friend?

*Num.* Why Mr. *Trusty*'s Daughter's Banes.

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Lov.* Alas! 'Squire, you come too late; She that was Mr. *Trusty*'s Daughter, is married; and I am just going to't.

*Num.* That was! what do you mean?

*Lov.* Why I mean that Mrs. *Belinda*, that has snapt your Heart, 'Squire, proves to be a Lord's Daughter, and not Mr. *Trusty*'s, as you believe; and now is Captain *Constant*'s Wife, here.

*Num.* A Lord's Daughter! Nounds, I'm glad I'm rid of her—Captain, I wish you much Joy with all my heart—Od, I'll engage she shakes your Commission for you; ha, ha.

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Num.* Why, what Luck have I had, *Slouch!* Mercy on us; what a Ruin had I brought upon all our Country Gentlemen innocently? For she wou'd have corrupted all their Wives; the Devil a one wou'd have made her own Butter, after being acquainted with her.

*Bel.* Oh! you mistake, 'Squire, I am an excellent Housewife; ha, ha, ha.

*Num.* Yes, yes, some in our Country have by woful Experience, what Housewives you Quality make: Nounds, I wou'd under the High Sheriff of the County to find you unclean Cards, then your

plaguy

plaguy Outlandish Liquors, your Coffee and Tea, forfooth, with the Cream of a whole Dairy, and your Suppers and Dinners for your Gossips wou'd confound all the Eggs and Pullen; and the Money you game away, wou'd ruin a Lord of a Manour. No, no, no Quality Breed for us Country Gentlemen; 'egad, that wou'd be worse than double Taxes; ha, ha.

*Const.* Ha, ha; Well then, 'Squire, I have done you a piece of Service; I hope all Animosities are forgot.

*Num.* They are i'faith, Sir; and if you'll give me leave, I'll be heartily merry with you.

*Trusty.* You shall be heartily welcome, 'Squire; I sent for the Musick——Heark, I hear them tuning their Instruments.

*Num.* Musick! 'Egad, if they can play my Tune, I'll give you a Jig.

*Trusty.* Come, let's in then, and begin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The in-side of the House, and discovers them dancing.*

*Enter* Roger *and* Dolly.

*Rog.* Save you all—Master and Landlord that was, and Master and Landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over with all my Soul——I hope you'll not forget your promise tho' to your poor Tenant *Roger*——which was to speak to Master——no, no, to speak to your self now, Sir——My Farm is woundy dear.

*Trusty.* You are wondrous merry, *Roger.*

*Rog.* So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the Parson; are they not, Mrs. *Belinda?* I hope I shall have your Consent; for I have got *Dolly* in the mind at last.

*Bel.* I wish you Joy with all my heart, *Roger.*

*Const.* I'm glad to see you follow your Lady's Example, Mrs. *Dorothy.*

*Dolly.* She set too good a Pattern, not to imitate, Sir.

*Const.* Here remains three to be provided for yet; which is *Clinch*, *Lucy*, and *Manage*.

*Lucy.* The best Provision I desire, is to wait on my Lady still, Sir.

*Man.* And I on my Master; who knows but time may chop up a Wedding between you and I, Child. [*To* Lucy.

*Faith.* Your Desires are granted; what says *Clinch?*

*Clin.* I had a kind of a Tender for *Dolly*; but since she's disposed of, I'll stand as I do.

*Const.* Then we are all agreed.

Sir *Jeff.* Well, honest *Roger*, if thou'lt give us a Dance to your Song now, I'll be as good as my word, and make thy Farm ease in the Rent for the next Year.

*Rog.*

*Rog.* Say you so? I thank you heartily, Master, I'll do my best, I can't sing like your Londoners—But 'tis a new Ballad, and 'twas made at *London*, by a very honest Country Gentleman, last Sessions of Parliament. Hum, hum. [*Sings.*

*Slouch.* Ads blead, you sing, Sir; and the 'Squire by, that's more than any Man in *Zumersetshire* will venture to do:—Master, Ods Wounds, hold your own, Master.

A SONG, *by the* Author, *and sung by Mr.* Dogget.

*Would you chuse a Wife for a happy Life,*
*Leave the Court, and the Country take;* ——
*Where* Dolly *and* Sue, *young* Molly *and* Prue,
*Follow* Roger *and* John, *whilst Harvest goes on,*
*And merrily, merrily Rake.*

*Leave the* London *Dames, be it spoke to their Shames,*
*To lig in their Beds till Noon;*
*Then get up and stretch, then paint too and patch,*
*Some Widgeon to catch, then look on their Watch,*
*And wonder they rose up so soon.*

*Then Coffee and Tea, both Green and Bohea,* ——
*Is serv'd to their Tables in Plate;*
*Where their Tattles do run, as swift as the Sun,*
*Of what they have won, and who is undone,*
*By their gaming, and sitting up late.*

*The Lass give me here, tho' brown as my Beer,*
*That knows how to govern her House;*
*That can milk her Cow, or Farrow her Sow;*
*Make Butter, or Cheese, or gather green Pease,*
*And values fine Cloaths not a Louse.*

*This, this is the Girl, worth Rubies and Pearl;*
*This the Wife that will make a Man rich:*
*We Gentlemen need, no Quality Breed,*
*To squander away, what Taxes would pay,*
*In truth we care for none such.*

*Const.* Now I am happy——
Belinda *mine, and you my faults forgive;*
*'Tis from this moment I begin to live.*
*Love sprung the Mine, and made the Breach in Duty,*
*No Cannon Ball can execute like Beauty.*
*But I'll no more in search of Pleasures rove,*
*Since ev'ry Blessing is compriz'd in Love.* [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.